DRUMMER

HELLFIRE'S
INFERNO 82
with LARRY TOWNSEND

THE TENTH
WELT
A NEW STORY BY
JOHN PRESTON

3.95

MR. LEATHER
SAN DIEGO

20 PAGE
GIFT
SUPPLEMENT

DRUMMER'S
DADDIES

ISSUE 59

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau

Cover: A modern version of the man in the iron mask (from the Pleasure Chest collection), photo by Jim Wigler. Opposite page: Extract from The Hellfire Clubs Inferno XI, photo by Larry Townsend.

VOLUME 6/NUMBER 59/DECEMBER 1982

GETTING OFF

Most surveys are an annoyance, they take up valuable space and nobody fills them out anyway. So we have never run one. However, at this point and time, with DRUMMER making and contemplating various changes in its format, we felt it would be nice to ask our readers, who probably are the loyalest of any gay publication. And they are beginning to pour in from the last issue (the questionnaires, not the readers). We are so delighted that we are repeating an updated version, for the last time, this time.

So far it seems that you enjoy the meat and potatoes approach to DRUMMER. We'll continue to leave the glossy space-filling Colt Studio type photos to the east coast publishers. Colt's stuff is seldom found in gay-owned publications anyway. We have always felt that our people weren't too interested in a magazine they could absorb while standing at the newsstand.

We had an interesting reaction from a former advertiser who is in the phone-sex business. He said he got calls from his ads in DRUMMER, but usually they had just come, presumably from what they read. Calls from the other mags came from guys who were turned on and needed someone to talk them into an orgasm. We don't blame him for taking his business elsewhere.

Our twenty-page section is filled with what is new in leather and we are delighted with the leather suppliers all over the country who participated. To those who didn't, we offer a free ride from America's leather magazine that will be reflecting what our readers demand beginning with the January issue.

PUBLISHER ..... JOHN H. EMBRY
GENERAL MANAGER ..... MARIO SIMONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER ..... JOHN W. ROWBERRY
EDITOR ..... ROBERT PAYNE
PRODUCTION MANAGER ..... PETER FOGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY/PRODUCTION ..... JIM WIGLER
TYPESETTING ..... THE PRINTED WORD
CIRCULATION ..... L. CHARLES MASSARSKY
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READERS SERVICES ..... RICK LEATHERS
BOB TAUB
LEGAL ..... BROWN & FALK
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT ..... LIGHT FANTASTIC

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... FRANK HATFIELD
(415) 864-3456

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Terrance Sagan, Robert Payne, Larry Townsend, Aaron Travis, Frank O'Rourke, Charles Musgrave
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Robert Pruzan, Wollgang Rink, Terry Photo, Zeus, Target, Roy Dean, Reflex Studio, Gerhard Pohl, Victor Armondi, Mike Arren
ARTISTS: Cayelo, Bill Ward, Matt Musgrave, Etienne, Kent Robert

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

DRUMMER RADIO

I was caught on the throne this morning when radio station WNCN's 'Advertising News of trhe Day' program came on, which is usually about as interesting as a couple of queens sitting around talking about opera in the steam room at the Y. Being where I was, I was unable to change the station and therefore did *not* miss this intriguing item:

The makers of Don Q Rum have announced a new (ad) campaign to be mounted with the slogan, 'Q me...March to the sound of a different drum...'

What will those Madison Avenue fellas come up with next!

George K.
New York, NY

& LSMFT?

I've been reading *Drummer* for about one year now. It is one of the only magazines which I regularly read. Judging from *Drumbeats*, it would seem that many of your readers are interested in watersports and fist fucking. When can we expect to see photos and articles dealing with these subjects?

J.A.
New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: While we have somewhat covered both in the past, for more explicit, in-depth, wetter coverage, you'll probably have to wait until the laws change. Both activities are super-no-no's; while Drummer goes further than anyone else, we can only go so far. How far is that? Who knows?)

TO BAR OR NOT TO BAR

I've just finished reading *So You Want to Own A Leather Bar!?* in *Drummer No. 58*. I was among the first wave to thrill to the idea of the Drummer Key Club and made a stop at the bar every night I hit the city.

Your article answered many of my questions (eg: Why did it change so radically so often? Why did it close? Would it even open before my membership expired?) But I'm still wondering, as you are, why it didn't soar? Drummaster showed everything the Brig had been and more. Then The Cave appeared with the same image and atmosphere and the men marched there. And why did they walk away from The Cave to make the S.F. Eagle thrive? Yes, I know, if either of us had the answers we'd make a mint.

Thanks for trying (the club) at least. I always enjoyed the place even when I thought I was alone there. And thanks for recounting all the pitfalls, trials, and snafu's in your article. If none of the other South of Market men, bar owners, ex-bar owners, or future bar owners thank you for your journal, they're just showing the stuff they're full of.

D.B.
Concord, CA

COW FUCKING

I wanted to drop you a note telling you how much I appreciated your fast service. I consider *Drummer* far above other gay publications. I have enjoyed it for years. I'm really surprised by your speedy service.

During my sojourn in the country for the next year I will really be needing *Drummer*. You can only fuck so many cows and it's hard as hell to get one of the bulls to fuck me!

You've proved once again that *Drummer* is truly the magazine for men into leather. You take seriously your responsibilities to your readers as shown in your very professional service.

Now I'll just have to wait and see if the ad gets me any response. It would be a pleasant surprise to discover some leather in East Texas besides that on the cattle.

I'm proud to be part of the Leather Fraternity and proud to be a reader of *Drummer*.

Keep up the good work!

J.H.
Queen City, TX

DRUMMER SURVEY

I think your survey (*Drummer 57*) was a good idea. Are you going to give us the results? When?

S. Neal
San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: We are planning to publish the results in the January 1983 issue of Drummer. *The response has been immediate and very interesting, and we think you'll be surprised by some of the conclusions. If you haven't sent yours in, do so right away!)*

PROBLEMS DOWN UNDER

Drummer to the best of my knowledge is still not available in Australia through any distribution arrangement. Copies which I see occasionally are ones friends have brought back from the States or old ones which I have bought when I have returned home to Washington, D.C. I would like to take out a subscription for *Drummer* to be sent to "Oz."

In addition I would like to find out if there is still an organization "alive and well" in San Francisco called The Quarters which I believe may be of interest to me.

I look forward to receiving *Drummer* on a regular basis and thank you and your staff for all the work you put into making it a really great magazine.

D.C.S.
Edgecliff, Australia

SOUR GRAPES?

I thought the unsigned letter from the European leatherman last issue (*Drummer No. 58*, "A European View") was very interesting. At first I thought it was sour grapes from someone who came to San Francisco expecting everything and didn't get anything. A lot of men in the bars from out of town seem to think that leathermen are here to be used. If they can go home with their balls empty, they're satisfied. If they strike out for whatever reason, it's San Francisco that gets the blame. But, like the guy who wrote the letter said, that's probably true of any large American city.

After reading the letter again a few times, I don't think that's where he's coming from. To a certain extent I think what he's talking about is true. I think it's a serious problem.

Name and Address withheld by request

SCAT TABOO?

What's all this shit in *Drumbeats* from advertisers who taboo scat? Is the assumption that to include scat in an ad automatically suggest, "I eat shit"?

On those rare, special occasions when I've made it with a hot trasher who really zeros in on my mind and body, scat has done its thing without getting eaten. Only once did a guy tell me he had his shit regularly gobbled up by a young dude in the midwest. The process involved a special diet and set appointment times.

As for me, I don't eat it, but I sure as hell get off on dumping it in my jeans or groping the ass of someone who is full. Taking a dump feels good, and when you can watch some hot stud pushing it down and out, it's good shit!

Sure, use common sense and avoid health hazards, plan ahead, but do it!

Name and address withheld by request

MAD AS HELL!

I am totally fed up with fighting my way into bookstores to get my monthly copy of *Drummer* and losing out.

I need my *Drummer* every month with its hot, hot men and hot stories to get me through the month. It also helps me build up bigger and better fantasies.

I've been fighting my way through the bookstores since I got hooked on *Drummer* No. 33, when you turned me on beyond belief! So I proceeded to get my lover turned on, too. Now, when I come home empty handed I get holy hell!

So, I'm going to subscribe so I can get back to your cum busting stories and crotch splitting men.

M.V.
Long Beach, CA

BEFORE & AFTER

My friend and I have lived in New York (our home), St. Louis, Denver and now here in the pits of Southern California.

Before *Drummer* we had each other, but for the past 48 issues (somehow we missed the beginning) we have had each other and *Drummer*. The best threesome any lovers could ask for!

Charlie & Rich
California

HELLFIRE'S INFERNO XI

DRUMMER WAS THERE AND NOW SO ARE YOU!

Have you ever wished you could find a society where leather and SM were the norms? Where keys and hankies mean what they are supposed to mean? What a pleasant revelation you would have, then, to discover this one time, in this one place, the mini-world called *Inferno*.

In a sense, I look back on *Inferno XI* with the realization of its having been much more than a physical experience...although the physical aspects were certainly present in an overflowing abundance. But the participants enjoyed themselves—and their companions—within a time/space that was, for them, their world, a totally SM world. The Chicago Hellfire Club is a group of men who are frank and open regarding their leather interests and orientation. They make no pretense of being a motorcycle or a social club. Their stated purpose is to promote and enjoy the safe and sane pleasures of SM, and their annual *Inferno* is the epitomized fruition of that goal.

This year, the run took place in the Saugatuck-Douglas resort area of southwestern Michigan, only a few hundred feet from the lake shore. The region is heavily wooded, with a number of summer homes, hotels, and lodges nestled between the highway and the native forests. Like Fire Island in New York, or Laguna Beach in California, a good number of the residents and property owners are gay, creating a positive environment for kindred visitors. The run was headquartered at the Douglas Dunes, where the two hundred participants were assigned sleeping quarters, and where the two daily meals were served. The actual run site was in the woods behind the Saugatuck Lodge, with a couple of buses (vans) carrying guys back and forth over the two mile distance every few minutes. The system worked quite well, although I am sure the men involved in providing the service must have been exhausted by the end of the four day run.

The Hellfire Club is relatively small, with only twenty or so full (Chicago resident) members; but they have about 150 associates (of which I am one), and a number of helpful 'friends'. Thus the complex organization of the run was accomplished very smoothly, and the SM action was going full tilt in the tents around Scaffold Square all afternoon, evening (except for a dinner break), and well into the pre-dawn hours. By special dispensation of the club officals (most gratefully acknowledged) I was permitted to park my van on the run site, between the Casa Crisco and the Aqua Vita Villa (waterworks). This gave me an opportunity to observe the action even more closely than would have otherwise been possible. I was also assigned Dungeon Master duties. These entailed helping people who were unfamiliar with the equipment, or stepping in to stop any activity which appeared to be dangerous. I was pleasantly surprised to find it necessary to do neither very often. The

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY TOWNSEND

level of intelligence and experience among the members and guests was extraordinary.

There were also a number of extremely attractive men—both from the standpoint of physical attributes and personality. And they certainly interacted! When the activities were in full swing, so many scenes were taking place at the same time, it would be impossible to keep track of them all. In the large dungeon tent (Chateau DeSade) were a dozen or so well-constructed devices, including such diverse appliances as: horizontal stretch racks, vertical 'T' frames and crosses, a medical table, a dentist's chair, barrel rack, Dr. Caligari's cabinet, stocks, and a sophisticated lighting system that permitted the Dungeon Master to illuminate whatever section seemed to require or deserve it.

Outside, in Scaffold Square, were The Towers. In addition to the structure itself, which provided numerous possibilities for binding a man to a solid framework, there were several popular suspension devices. One was a hanging (vertical) cross; another was an approximately four-foot cube wire mesh-cage, equipped to be suspended on a heavy cable. Probably the most popular, certainly the most frequently used appliance, was a horizontal 'I' beam, to which the subject could be bound so as to be suspended, face up, from the underside, while the bar was lifted several feet into the air via a single steel chain. This permitted a tremendous degree of swing, tilt, or spin, in a virtually unobstructed, three-dimensional plane.

Although the participants had plenty of innovative ideas of their own, the Club provided a variety of demonstrations and competitions. These were all scheduled during daylight hours, leaving the members and guests free to enjoy their own specialties and activities in the evening. The demonstrations included: bondage & mummification, fistfucking safety, flogging, catheterization, piercing, electrotorture, military discipline, and steel bondage. In addition to outlining successful and enjoyable techniques, there was a heavy emphasis on safe and responsible behavior. The competitions involved: a slave contest, ball-weight lifting, a tit tug-of-war, and a bondage contest.

For me, the most interesting task was undertaken for the Club by the "fantasy fulfillment team". Run participants were queried on their application forms regarding their desire to have a certain fantasy fulfilled. Those who responded affirmatively had their requests referred to the team, who in turn did their best to make reality

match the dreams. For instance, one guy wanted to be forcibly subdued, bound, and subjected to some heavy bondage and abuse. You see the fulfillment of this fantasy in the photo of the up-side down slave, hanging by his feet, his balls a porcupine of clothespins. Another wished to be stripped and chained to a luxury car, forced to polish it while the owner stood by and watched. Others desired public humiliation, or some intricate discipline. Nearly all of these wishes were carried out during the four days of activity.

While I think the photographs will probably illustrate the basic activities more satisfactorily than it would be possible to do in words, there are several situations where photography would have been inappropriate. One of these stands out in my mind as the epitome of an SM experience...at least from the standpoint of the bottom. Picture a small clearing in the woods, late at night, very dark, still warm from an almost oppressively hot summer day. A slender young man stands between two trees, naked except for a blindfold and gag, his arms secured to the solid trunks on either side. The front of his body is illuminated by the glow of a flickering candle in a crude container a few feet in front of him. The only sound comes from the half dozen men who have placed him there, now relaxing on the ground in pairs or singly, either watching their captive or interacting with each other as they await their leader's next instructions. In the distance there is an occasional shout or snap of crackling impact from the run site, but these are alien and distinct from the action within the clearing.

The young man is moaning, swaying slightly as a gentle movement of air caresses his skin, where the marks of his previous activities are clearly etched. During the course of the last two days he has served several Masters, and his body bears criss-cross scars on the back, lingering rings from previous bonds around his wrists and ankles. He has worn a catheter and he has felt the tingling sensation of electric current through his lower body. He now waits for whatever attentions his present Master will accord him on this final evening.

At the same time, a number of scenes are taking place in the cavernous tent. Here, the various pieces of equipment are separated from one another by the pools of darkness, where the individual

spots of light fall off and leave the suggestion of a barrier between the pairs or small groups of men. On one of the stretch racks, a muscular figure strains against his bonds while a series of surgical needles are set into an intricate pattern through the skin of his genitals. Another man stands against a wooden upright, his wrists bound to the cross beam while his back and ass are glowing red from the carefully directed blows of a teamster's whip. Outside, the 'I' beam sways as another naked form twists beneath it, tightly secured, hooded, unable to see the men who guide the sway and dipping of his body. In the smaller tents, other men are in the slings, or kneeling to receive the body-warm fluids that cascade down their chests or upturned faces.

During the entire weekend, each of the participants has been encouraged in whatever activities he has found most sensual or most exciting. No one has cast a jaundiced eye upon him, nor interfered with his behavior. The whole atmosphere has been more than permissive; it has been designed to promote the acting out of fantasies that would normally remain capped and untouched. Here, the willing partners and the necessary space were provided, as were the other needed ingredients—the equipment and expertise to facilitate the consummation of fantasy. The experience has been rich and fulfilling. By the break of dawn on the final day, there is little left undone, and those who arrived as novices are leaving with a wealth of experience it would otherwise have taken them years to accumulate.

At the final breakfast gathering on Monday morning, the Club dispenses its awards, and men who were strangers two days before exchange addresses and phone numbers. Shortly after noon the participants begin to disperse, heading toward their homes all across the United States, Western Europe, and Australia. It's the end of a really extraordinary experience. Like several other men with whom I later discussed *Inferno*, my own feelings reflect the run as a truely unique happening. It is difficult to appreciate all its facets except in retrospect, when the mind has time to sort out and digest the myriad visual and sensual impressions. As is true of so much that comprises SM, *Inferno* is decidedly not for everyone. But for those few who belonged there, it was an incomparable trip. □

TIGHTROPES II

Take a blond, solidly-built, hung uncut stud and give him anything he wants. What he wants is a tall muscular dark-haired young stud named J.W. King with a cock that has a reputation for ripping open assholes faster than a gnat can shit on a pine cone. Put them in a room that is dominated by a rack, filled with every SM toy known to man, lock the door, and tell them to go to it.

The blond gets to be the bottom, but some people have all the luck. He strips down, gets down, and doesn't get up until he's told to.

King gets to be the top, naturally. He's into leather, pain and domination, but not necessarily in that order. Try domination, leather and pain. Or just try pain. With enough cock to swat a face silly and the balls to drive it home, getting just what you want from King-stud may mean more than you ever bargained for in the first place.

The odyssey continues... after the enormous success of the very first film from Close Up Productions, *Tightropes* which debuted in these pages (*Drummer* 57, "Fun at Your Favorite Bar on a Quiet Sunday Afternoon"), comes the news that a sequel, *Tightropes II*, has been released.

In the first film there was a brief episode, a flashback, which Ryder had while being hog-tied and worked over in a deserted bar, of a night he spent on the rack under the hands of none other than J.W. King. In *Tightropes II* that flashback is expanded to a full-length super session. Ryder is still in the bottom position, and J.W. King, a veteran of porn films, puts in an appearance complete with a brand new beard. If your taste runs toward young Masters with oversized tools, then King might just fill the bill. And while Ryder seems to have a bottomless butt and a throat that could take on a 747, King can and does fill him to the brim.

As if being punished by King's cock weren't enough, Ryder also tastes the lash, the rack, the power of King's ball-crushing hands, and a few unmentionables. The action is strictly no-let-up, and the explosive climax wetter than a duck's ass in a tropical rain forest.

Close Up Productions, which also makes magazine versions of their films and videos, is obviously having a love affair with Ryder and King, not that anyone is complaining. Besides the two *Tightrope* films, the duo is featured in their *Overload* magazines, and rumor has it that both Ryder and King have feature projects coming that will cast them in much different roles than those in which they've already appeared. But as fuck buddies, they're a good example of perfect casting. Ryder with his fat uncut cock and King with his flagpole seem to know just what makes the other tick. When these boys get down, it is strictly straight up and straight in, right to the bottom.

Information in *Tightropes II* is available, if you are over 21, from Close Up Productions, Box 205, N. Hollywood, CA 91603. Tell 'em *Drummer* sent you.

DAJNMER 15

The big night. Gunner Robinson (left) and Luke Daniel (Mr. Drummer 1982) watch Dave McDaniels (1981-82 Mr. Leather San Diego) announce that the new title holder is Steve Despier (far right). Opposite page: Steve Despier and John Atherton (right), the Second Place winner, pose with their trophies.

MR. LEATHER SAN DIEGO

The Loading Zone in San Diego is serious about leather and leathermen and that's why they sponsor the annual *Mr. Leather San Diego Contest*.

But hold on! Leather in tropical San Diego, alternately known as the Tahiti of Southern California and one of the most beautiful but most conservative cities in America? That's right! While San Diego indeed sits in the rather conservative southern half of the state, and while it has a tropical climate nearly year round — it is still a hotbed of heavy leather action (and is on the travel itinerary of nearly all vacationing European leathermen). San Diego makes no bones about any seeming contradiction; the leathermen who live or visit there get down just as fast and just as dirty as their brothers in liberal San Francisco or New York.

The *1982-83 Mr. Leather San Diego Contest* was, naturally, at the Loading Zone, and the place was, naturally, packed to the rafters with shiny black boots, jackets, chaps and all the rest. The judges were themselves winners: Dave McDaniels, the *1981-82 Mr. Leather San Diego*; Luke Daniel, *1982 Mr. International Leather* and *1982 Mr. Drummer* and Gunner Robinson, *Drummer's* Leather Ambassador.

There were eight finalists, all screened before the big night kicked off with a cocktail party for the judges, contestants, and staff of the Loading Zone. Then, as the night began, the public got to see these prime examples of manflesh as they began a long night of showing themselves to their best advantage, talking about themselves and their desire to win the coveted title, and answering questions from the judges about leather and the leather lifestyle.

The packed crowd got into the act applauding and cheering their favorites on, while the judges set themselves the task of picking one man from all the rest.

The Second Place winner was a very tall, very hunky stud named John Atherton, 6'5" and 190 lbs of pure USDA prime beef who told the crowd that leather was a statement of hot, proud men who were secure in their masculinity and their love for other masculine men. And the winner was Steve Despier, a 30 year old hunk who stood 5'10", weighed 160 lbs, and who saw leather as the fine-tuning and utilization of all the senses, the ultimate enjoyment of one's manhood.

Besides a cash prize of $150 (and other gifts including *Drummer* Leather Fraternity membership), Steve will be the official San Diego entry in the *1983 Mr. Drummer Contest*. Who knows, you may be seeing even more of him in these pages in the future.

Photos by The Kid


19
32

DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of "GOLDEN AGE"

MY REAL DAD AND I

WHERE ARE DADDY S BOYS?

HOT OLDER MAN WANTED

Brian Derbyshire, who writes Drummer's London Leather show, you what a hard, masculine, demanding English family looks like: leather, bearded and all. You know the English practically invented caning and swimming, so you can imagine what's in store for a boy who gets adopted by a daddy from across the Atlantic

as it usually did, only as we walked down the hall with me slung over his shoulder I distinctly felt a wet warmth encircle my dick. I wasn't sure, but it felt as if it was in his mouth. We dressed and nothing else was said or done.

He went out the following Friday night. It was usual for him to go out on weekend nights. The consolation of my being left with a babysitter (who was a high school aged guy from down the street) was that I could sleep in his bed. Some weekend mornings when I would wake up and he would be next to me. But if he had brought home a friend, he would sleep in the new [illegible] say that at this point I had never seen him in bed with anyone. His friends would either leave before I got up or by the time I got up they would both already be asleep. About this particular Friday night, I woke up to feel the bed moving and I thought at first that dad was just getting into bed. However, when I opened my eyes I saw that my dad was hovering over [illegible] from the muscular legs that were balanced on dad's shoulders. I knew what was [illegible] My dad looked as if he was pushing into the mattress and those legs were together. When the other man said to my dad "Fuck me hard," almost crazed what was happening [illegible] the babysitter. I would [illegible] through the same motions on his side with a pillow between his legs when he thought that I had gone to bed. I pretended to be asleep and suddenly I felt a hand and my fingers touching my cock. Then both of them began to move faster and harder. I heard my dad say "Come home," and then it was quiet. A few minutes after my father rolled over on his side and I could tell by his breathing that he was asleep.

The other guy's hand came back to my cock on this time. It was wet and sticky and as he pushed my foreskin back and forth with what I thought was spit, I heard him say—like father like son. They they were both asleep.

I was very young and couldn't have

TWO DADDIES

[illegible] push a very good daddy. I am a stage manager currently touring the country. My permanent home is New York City where I live with my lover [illegible] He is also my age, so you might say you could get two daddies [illegible] While [illegible] have a photo of [illegible] 5'9", 160 lbs. [illegible] gray hair, blue eyes and have 7" [illegible] cut cock. I [illegible] been in the bath [illegible] for about 10 years and [illegible] country that the rather crowd [illegible] the most [illegible] friendly and accepting.

We could use a son to serve as bait and we have lots to give the right guy. He would have to be [illegible] consent. For the [illegible] the perfect dads.

Warren

BLACK SON WANTS DAD

I am writing this letter in the hope that you will publish it, for you are my last chance to find happiness. Isn't there someone out there who yearns for a twenty-one year old black boy? I see the daddy-types on the street and in the bars, but they don't see me. I know there must be many white daddies out there who'd love a slim, tan, smooth and obedient boy like me to mold into a son. My real father abandoned me at [illegible] If you're a husky bearded [illegible] bellied Dad looking for [illegible] teach and discipline [illegible] command, I want a [illegible] to fetch slipper for (with my mouth, of course, for I am an eager pupil). A daddy who I can serve totally. If I ever got out of [illegible] a firm spanking would set me straight. I'll be [illegible] When I [illegible] I see the sons and daddies together, and envy the [illegible] relationships. Hoping this letter will help [illegible] put an end to all my days of emptiness.

David

OHIO DADDY

I want a son who is willing to work [illegible] my way of life and be treated [illegible] told to do [illegible] He must be ready to respect [illegible] I think it is [illegible] deserves it. At home [illegible] a slave [illegible] at times wrist and ankle restraints. He should be willing to be shown off to his daddy's friends and to show them the same respect he does [illegible] ready to please his [illegible] when told to [illegible] between 21 and 32, slim [illegible] goodlooking, blond or light [illegible] Latino, Oriental or American [illegible] and have 6-8".

This Ohio daddy is 39, hairy beard and moustache, [illegible] cock, 44" chest, 34" [illegible] B&D, light S&M. Fellow daddies, how [illegible] happy and what you would do [illegible]

T.T.

ORGAN DAD

I've been reading *Drummer Daddies* and have come to realize that what I need is a hung, uncut son who likes to fuck and get sucked by his dad.

I'm 65, 6'3", have an uncut cock and hazel eyes. I am a professional organ builder and have constructed about 177 in my region of the country. I also have 2 pipe organs at home, love music, and have a large collection of recordings and tapes, so someone who either plays the piano or organ would be a bonus. But mainly I am looking for someone who is tall (maybe even taller than me), hairless (or at least almost hairless), body superior intellect, and who likes to fuck. I learned to sleep with a cock up my ass while I traveled in Greece and Turkey, and the ideal son would be one with enough meat to do that. Am not into SM or fetishes, but really turn on to uncut cock. It would be great to connect with a son who could turn on to an organ dad.

Jim

Nebraska

DEMANDING DAD

I've been watching the letters you print in *Drummer Daddies* from little boys out there wanting someone to take charge of them, and I don't think a single one of the twerps who have written so far could cut the mustard with me. I'd like a son, but not some whimpering, snot-nosed dummy who'd run out the door the first time he really got his ass beat. Ha! The little boys I pick up in the bars have never had a real man in their lives, and when a real man gets ahold of them, they shit their pants.

I don't play daddy, I am a fucking daddy, and I've got the balls and backbone to prove it. So if any of you wimps out there think you can stand up to this stud fucker, think about it again. When I say jump I expect you to hit the fucking ceiling. And when I say suck my cock, it better disappear. When I say spread 'em, I want to see China.

The problem with the world today is that none of you fuckers ever had a real man whip your ass.

Rex

Houston, TX

DRUMMER DADDIES

ARISTOCRATIC DADDY

The only way to describe this Daddy-Master is tall, 6'2½", aristocratic, related to European nobility, totally dominant with an unlimited imagination and capacity for fantasy

This Daddy-Master is into and has been into almost every scene and looks forward to training his son-slave to be the very best slave anywhere. He will enjoy showing off the product of his training so that all the poor fucks in the bars will know how good the slave is and how much he belongs to his Daddy-Master

This Daddy's slave-son will not only enjoy, but will crave complete ownership, water sports, piercings, brandings, tattoos, heavy bondage, humiliation, suspension and anything else his Daddy-Master determines to be correct for his property

This Daddy-Master is now taking applications. Contact him through *Drummer Daddies*, but only if the potential property knows that this is the true way of life and not just some bullshit game.

Master K
Los Angeles

DADDY'S TOILET

I don't have a Daddy anymore but I did once and he was wonderful. Let me tell you about my Daddy and how hard it would be to replace him.

I wasn't into daddy-son scenes, but I always liked older men. When I was 22 (I'm 30 now) and looked 18 (I look 22 now), I met a big, hairy-chested married man who worked in the same insurance company as my real dad. My dad had Ted, that was his name, and his wife over for dinner one night and when I saw him rightaway I wanted to get on my knees and beg him to feed me his cock. I caught him making eyes at me, or sorta looking at me out of the corner of his eyes a couple of times. After dinner, when my parents and this hot man and his wife were just sitting around the living room talking, I wandered in and out a few times. Once I heard Ted ask to be excused and for directions to the head. I popped up and offered to show him— the bathrooms were all on the second floor at the end of the hall. He mounted the stairs behind me and I couldn't make up my mind if I was brave enough to make a play for him right there in my own house

I walked into the bathroom first, flicked on the light, and walked over to the sink to wash my hands. I figured if he was game he'd whip it out right there. If he wasn't, then he'd probably stall until I left

He was in back of me, and although I kept my head down, concentrating on soaping my hands, I heard him unbuckle his belt and unzip his slacks. When I looked up in the mirror over the sink, he was sitting down in the toilet. He said he hoped I didn't mind if he took a shit while I was washing my hands. I said to go right ahead, it didn't bother me at all. I already had a hard-on from just the excitement of knowing that his pants were down. But I didn't know if, when I turned around, I'd get to see his cock, figuring it was probably hanging down between his legs, out of sight

I turned around only to find that he was sitting there with his slacks around his ankles and his legs spread wide open. I could see his hairy crotch, the base of his meat, and his muscular, hairy thighs as clear as day. I just stared and my mouth fell open. I heard him take a big grunt and out slid a long turd from his ass that plopped into the water. He sort of sighed, then grinned up at me and said, "I've always thought it would be much more comfortable to have a tongue wipe your ass clean instead of a piece of paper. What do you think?"

I'll never forget that or the casual way he said it, grinning at me all the time. It took me a minute to think, then I said, never once taking my eyes off his crotch, "But how would you do that?" Maybe not the perfect answer, but it worked. He reached down and slipped out his wallet, handed me his business card and told me to call him during the day and maybe we could find out together

I blushed, hard-on and all, took the card, slipped out of the bathroom and quickly went downstairs for a coke, just to make sure my parents and his wife didn't think I was still in the john with him

I must have beat off three times that night, fingering my asshole and wondering if his asshole was as hairy as his legs.

I called him the next day at his office and he said if I would meet him in an hour at a restaurant nearby, we could go somewhere and talk about it. I was there thirty minutes early. I saw him coming up the street, quickly paid my check, and dashed outside before he got to the door. He grinned that same grin at me and said he had parked a block away, did I want to go for a ride? On the way to his car, he told me that he wanted to stop by a friend's house— who wasn't home— to check on something and would I mind. I said that was fine, but I didn't say much else all the way there, and all he did was ask my age, ask about college, ask me what I wanted to do after college and if I had a girlfriend

He was right, there was no one home at his friend's house and he let us in with a key. No sooner were we inside than he announced he had to take a crap. I knew I was supposed to follow him into the bathroom, so I did, and that was my first surprise. It was the biggest bathroom I've ever seen, and not really a bathroom at all, more like a public men's room. There was a toilet and a sink, but no shower. There was also a urinal, big enough for about four men to stand at, along one wall. He didn't say anything, just unbuckled his belt, dropped his pants, and sat on the john. He started talking about taking a shit and how good it felt and how good it was to take a piss, all the while unbuttoning his shirt, undoing his tie, unlacing his shoes. I stood against the wall across from him and said "yeah" every couple of sentences, but mainly I folded my arms across my chest, watched him, and felt my own dick start to get hard. He dropped his shirt and tie on a hamper next to the toilet, slid his shoes across the floor, slipped off his pants and socks and put them with the

shirt, and ended up sitting there stark naked except for his watch and wedding ring, his legs spread apart like before.

"Why don't you get out of those things. We're in no hurry, unless you are." At that, I stripped. As I was pulling off my pants I looked over and noticed that he had hung his cock over the edge of the toilet seat. It was big and thick and the foreskin completely covered the head and hung down a good inch. It looked like it was gett ng hard, but it hung draped over the rim of the seat. My own seven inches was jerking up and down and my foreskin had pulled itself back like it does when I'm hard. I don't have much body hair, just some bush around my cock, and he was hairy from the word go— his chest, his stomach, crotch and legs. I was sure he probably had a hairy ass, to boot.

"Why don't you turn around and let me get a look at your ass?"

I walked up to him and did just as he said. I felt his hands grab ahold of each cheek, give them a gentle squeeze, and pull them apart slightly.

"Why don't you bend over so I can get a better look?"

I did, my hands on my kneecaps. He pulled the tight, round cheeks of my ass wide apart, until I could feel my rectum beginning to open, and then glued his mouth against my asshole and darted his tongue inside so fast it damn near took my breath away. I steadied myself and relaxed. His mouth and tongue ate at my asshole like a bear after honey, digging inside and scraping his tongue against the walls. It was like nothing I'd ever felt and the head of my cock started dripping from the sensation. I felt him let go of one cheek and then felt a finger snake its way into my wet warm opening. He continued to fingerfuck my young ass and slid the thick finger in as far as it would go. My asshole was really open now, and he took both hands, dug right in with the fingertips, and really spread it open, sinking his mouth right inside. I thought I would explode.

Then he stopped. "Why don't you give my ass some of that same attention?" I was ready for anything. He positioned me so that I was kneeling in front of the toilet with my head resting against the bowl rim. Then he turned around and backed up, giving me my first look at the solid, muscular, hairy cheeks of his ass. He bent over slightly and rested the crack of his butt against my face. I reached up and grabbed the cheeks of his asss, like he had done mine, spread them apart until I could see his hairy rectum, then closed my eyes and aimed my tongue for the

opening. I was surprised at how soft his asshole felt on my tongue. He relaxed his sphincter muscles, and I burrowed my way into the canal of his rectum. It tasted slightly musky, sweaty, and it made my cock throb. I heard him sigh and felt him relax more, letting my tongue dig further and further into his hole.

"That's good, son. Yeah, eat your daddy's ass," he crooned while I worked on his dark, wet hole. "That's a good boy. Clean out your dad's ass son."

The cum started pouring out of the head of my cock and I sucked and ate with determination. He eased me down on the floor until he was squatting over me, his asshole wide open. I speared it with the entire length of my tongue, buried my nose in it, dug my chin in it. He grabbed my cum-covered dick and balls and started squeezing them, rubbing them around my crotch.

He suddenly stood up and turned around, so that he was standing over me. He was pumping his thick, hard cock in his hand, grinning and crooning, "That's a good boy, eating your daddy's ass. Open your mouth, son, and daddy's gonna give you some juice to drink. Come on, son, drink daddy's cum."

Wide-eyed and mouth open, I watched him shoot a steady stream of cum towards my face. Some of it went in my mouth, and I felt the hot cum hit my tongue, but mostly it went all over my head and shoulders.

After that, we got together about once a week and I learned how to eat his ass many different ways. Once in a while he would stick the head of his cock in my mouth and shoot down my throat, but mostly he wanted me to eat him out, calling me his son the whole time. Once I even got his fat cock up my ass, but he wasn't interested in fucking my hole as much as he was having me clean his dick off after he had pumped it inside me a few times.

Ted and his wife moved when he got promoted and transfered. I had fantasies about going to visit him, but I never did. I only heard from him once, a graduation card when I left college— and there were a few black, curly hairs in the envelope which I'm sure came from his ass. I never had another daddy-son scene like that again, but not because I wasn't willing. I just never met anyone else with his imagination.

Alex

DRUMSTICKS

TWO-FISTED

Electric current flows, sparking,
Spanning gaps,
Bonding arms.
Volatile high-powered male energy
Lighting up a magical night.

Secret mind desire now unfolds.
Buddy shared.
Understood.
A high definition fantasy
Expanding one's inner might.

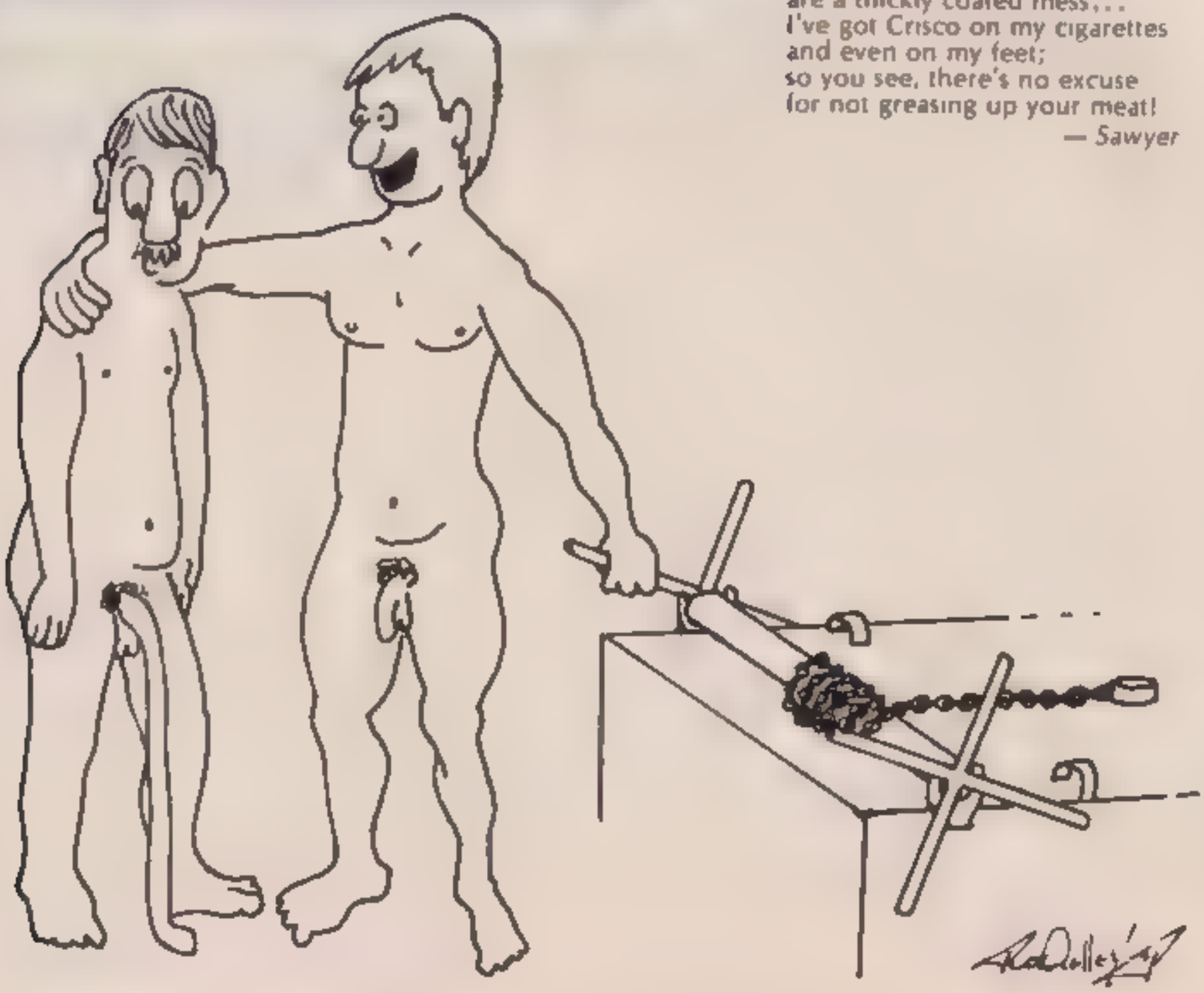
Two men, challenging the fine line.
Pleasure/pain
Fear/Trust.
Transforming male passion into two-fisted communion.
And I flower, opening doors, transcending.

S.S.

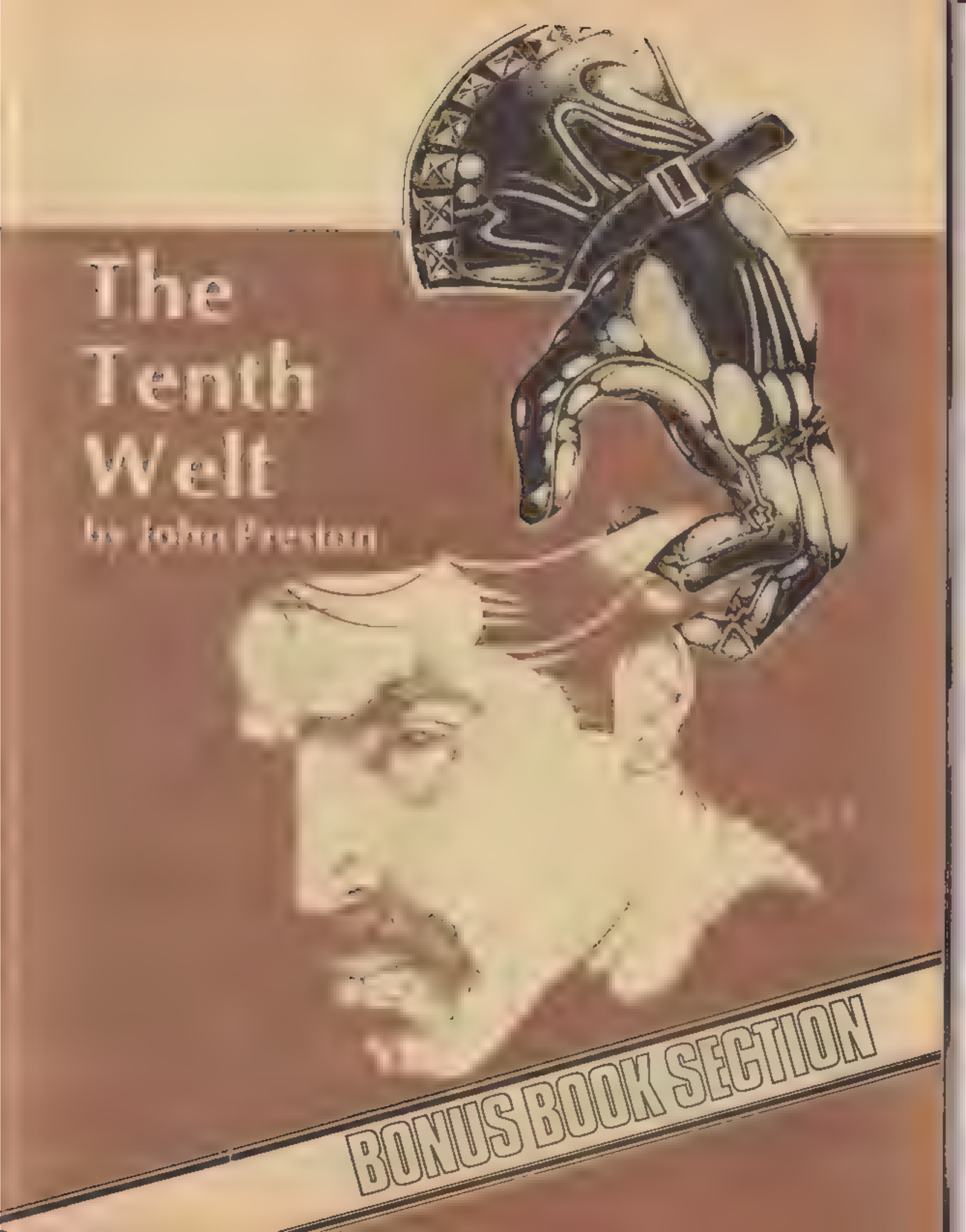
OUCH!

There's Crisco on the curtains,
and Crisco on the floor;
There's Crisco on the lightswitch
and Crisco on the door.
There's a bit upon the lampshade,
and a blob upon the clock,
and smeared across my forehead,
on my jacket, jeans, and jock...
I've got Crisco on my eyelids,
in my nose and ears and hair.
There's Crisco in the hallway
and halfway up the stair.
The dresser drawers are greasy,
the john in great distress,
the blanket, spread and bedsheets
are a thickly coated mess...
I've got Crisco on my cigarettes
and even on my feet;
so you see, there's no excuse
for not greasing up your meat!

— *Sawyer*



"Now that you've experienced the Rack,
let me introduce you to some of my other toys!"


The Tenth Welt
by John Preston
BONUS BOOK SECTION

I stood at his door and knocked. A black leather valise in my hand. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt when he opened it. He was barefoot, his light brown hair tousled from a recent shower. He had just shaved so his moustache was even more prominent. He was obviously startled to discover that I was his next appointment.

I pushed past him before he could say anything. I left the valise on the table in front of his couch and sat down without taking off my leather jacket. The door closed and, still speechless, he came and stood in front of me. I started to talk before he had a chance, "Fuck the games you've been playing with me in the bars. This is strictly a business proposition. You're a hustler and I know it. I want your ass and you know that. So . . ." I reached over and opened the bag. I picked up a wad of tens so new they stuck together. "I figure it's worth fifty bucks to start, that should be enough to get you to strip. Now!"

"And then . . ." his eyes stared into mine with a mixture of anger and defiance.

"And then we'll negotiate." I propped my booted feet on the table. "Strip."

There was a moment's hesitation. "The money first, bastard."

I just smiled. I leaned forward and picked up the wad of cash. I peeled off five bills and offered them to him with an outstretched hand. Another hesitation and then he took the bills and stuffed them in his jeans. The shirt came off first. His light coloring had misled me. I had expected a smooth body but I got better than that. There was a thick, almost wooly covering across his chest which funneled downward in a thick line in the middle of his abdomen. He slowly unbuttoned the levis and pushed them over his hips until they finally fell to the floor. He stepped out of them totally naked.

"Hands behind your head, spread your legs. I want to see just what I've bought myself." He decided to go through with it. I could tell. There was a challenge in his expression now. He'd be damned if I was going to break him. It was just the way I wanted it. I didn't move until he had assumed the position.

When he was in place I got up and went over to inspect him. I ignored that handsome face he was so proud of. Instead I began by placing each of my palms on his wrist and traced the length of his arms. They were as solidly muscular to my touch as I had dreamed they were whenever I had seen him in the bar. My hands slid down till each one rested on his heavy chest. My fingers came together to find his tits. As my hands worked, roughly pulling at the erotic flesh, the nipples grew hard. My eyes never left his.

The expression on his face was one of such rage that I thought he was going to spit at me. I liked that. I liked that a lot. But the demanding pressure of my hands forced his attention back to his own body. He seemed to bite his lip to keep any sound from coming out. I smiled at his futile gesture and left the nipples to roam further down. His sigh of relief was premature. I followed the line of hair beneath his waist till it burst into a bush of dense pubic hair. I knew I'd find a hard cock waiting and I did. It was even larger than I had expected. I grabbed hold of the pole with one fist and gathered up the big balls with the other.

They were tightly encased in their sac. Usually when balls are that big they hang low, but not these. They rode high on his body, close to his pelvis. It didn't stop me from pulling on them with gradual increasing pressure, forcing them further towards me with an insistence that didn't cease until I saw the beauty of real pain force his mouth open.

I walked around behind him. "Don't move," I snapped to abort his attempt to turn. My hands retraced his body from the rear. I could smell the stink of his sweat, now flowing from the tension and uncertainty of the whole situation. His skin was wet with a damp coating. I sniffed up the aroma.

His back was flawless. But it had been his ass that I had dreamed of so often. Now it was mine. I knew from long hours of staring at it in bars that it had to be solid. It was. I couldn't have expected its fine coating of that same brown hair, though. I ran my palms over its luxurious pelt. A single finger found his hole. It was tender to the touch. When my finger probbed inward, enveloping itself in the moist interior, he stiffened, etching the muscles in his back as he resisted the invasion.

I removed my finger with a single sharp motion and walked back in front to face him. I smelled the musky aroma left from his hole on my fingertip, smirking at his questioning look, then forced it into his mouth. "Clean it off." He sucked, obediently, damned if he would break in front of me.

I sat down and picked up the roll of money. "I guess it's worth ten bucks to have you lick my boots." I put a single bill on the table. He got on his knees and his mouth went to work on my left foot. "Every inch of them," I demanded. He didn't stop. The subtle touch of his tongue made itself felt through the worn leather. The sound of the lapping was musical. My cock was hard again. I goaded him on: "I expect some enthusiasm for my money!" He sped up, transforming the noise into loud slurps.

When he moved to my right foot I could see that every exposed surface on the other was blackly bright with his spit. After the task was completed he knelt back on his meaty haunches. He wanted me to notice his arrogant look. I only saw his erection bobbing in the air.

"The bedroom," I said sharply. He led me through the hallway into the back. There was a mattress on a plywood platform. At each corner was a metal hook screwed into the frame. I had carried in the valise. I put it on his desk and reopened it, once again pulling out the money. "Ten bucks to tie you up." It went on the desk. "Face down."

He complied with noble reluctance. I got four lengths of rope and secured his wrists and ankles, leaving him spread eagle, ass up. Only then did I strip down. My own erection was now exposed to the cool air. I climberd up and straddled his hips so my cock rested in the valley between his cheeks. I rubbed it up and down, taunting his asshole with the tip, then I rode up until the balls slapped against his own. Only when the foreplay brought a low pleasureable moan did I stop.

I got off the bed. I grabbed a hunk of his hair and lifted his head up as roughly as I could, enjoying the quick cry of pain the action produced. He found himself looking right at my cock. He misunderstood and tried to reach for it with his mouth, but I yanked his hair and kept him back. My free hand reared back and slapped him hard across the face. "You haven't earned that yet." I released his hair and let him collapse back on the bed. He was confused. I enjoyed that.

The riding crop, covered with weaved rawhide and topped with a tip of leather, was in the valise. I took it over and forced it between his teeth. I was delighted to see real fear come over him for the first time. Another bill came off the stack. "I figure a buck a welt." He shook his head emphatically: No.

"What's the matter? I thought you were such a big, mean stud. You can't take a little beating?" I used my most mocking tone. The anger came back over him. The defiance returned. "Okay," I continued, "two bucks a welt." I added another note to the pile.

I retrieved the crop from his mouth. There was a new expression on his face. I couldn't figure out this one. Not just defiant, not just excited, not just fearful. . . was it lustful? It disconcerted me. His eyes studied the crop and then searched out my face. He softened. I was the one who was beginning to become confused.

I ignored it and grabbed his hair again, arching his neck upward. "Count 'em out, asshole. I got ten coming to me for

my twenty bucks, but they don't mean shit unless I hear you count each one of them." I yanked the hair even harder. "And make sure I hear a 'Sir' with each one."

I brought the crop up and slashed it through the air, slamming it into the heavy, hairy ass.

"One, Sir." The voice exposed his surprise at the viciousness of the blow.

"That was for cock-teasing me Friday night at the bar."

Another lash left a welt criss-cross to the first.

"Two, Sir."

"That was for standing me up last Saturday."

"Three, Sir." His voice raised higher now, the pain more real. The blows continued, each one justified with some past lapse of responsibility I had kept locked in my memory. All except the last one.

"Ten, Sir." He almost groaned with relief. I looked down and saw the patchwork of scarlet marks showing through his hairy covering. I knew what I wanted to say then, but I kept the words inside, damned if I was going to reveal myself.

His whole body was panting with sobs. There were dark stains on the sheet where his sweat had soaked through. But, I still wanted evidence that his crying was authentic. I turned him to give myself a full view of his face. The tears had streamed from his eyes. He averted his look, ashamed that I had gotten to him. I surprised myself and bent over to lick the salty fluid.

"This is just the way I wanted you," I declared. My hard cock couldn't wait much longer. Another bill, "Ten bucks to fuck your ass." There was a can of Crisco by his bed. I smeared it on my dick and climbed back on top of him. I speared into his ass without paying attention to his comfort and actually enjoying the howl of torment he released as I drove up till my belly pushed against the cushion of his buttocks.

I purposely fucked him with all the savagery I could. I pounded hard, fast and furious, drawing my cock out until it was almost beyond his sphincter and then shoving it in deeply, burying it in the enclosure of his innards. I fucked him oblivious to any pain myself, intent that this would be remembered, insistent that this would not be forgotten.

I stopped when I felt myself close to orgasm. I wrenched my cock free and wiped the sweat from my brow. *Not yet*, I told myself. I wanted more. I wanted to have him as no one else ever had.

My cock was slimey from the lubricant and from his ass. I walked to the front of the bed and grabbed his hair again. "Clean it off." He obeyed instantly, almost anxiously. The whole nearly-hard shaft went into his mouth, his tongue wrapped around it.

I untied him. He sat up, rubbing his sore wrists. "Hurt, stud?" I kidded him. I took one of the lengths of rope and fashioned it into a loop. I put it around his neck. "Consider this your collar." I put another bill on his growing pile of money. "Ten bucks to turn you into the toilet you deserve to be."

I pulled on the dangling piece of rope. "On your hands and knees." He went down to the floor. His head hung, but there wasn't the fire anymore. He had changed his manner. I tried to ignore the alteration and lead him crawling out of the bedroom into the john.

I left him kneeling with his head over the bowl of the toilet. I pushed it down into the water, holding his face under the surface until he fought back, sputtering as he forced his head up against my hand to gasp for air.

Still, I kept him with his face only inches above the water. I took hold of my softening prick and let loose with a trickle of piss, yellow liquid that ran down his neck into the toilet. Quickly, the trickle turned into a torrent that I aimed at his hair, soaking it with the stinking urine, splashing it on the

floor and wall

When I finished I tightened my grasp on his neck. "Drink it. Drink my piss." There was no room for argument in my tone of voice. I pushed down. I could hear him slurping up the pissy water. I reached in and splashed the yellow fluid all over his face and hair. "Just what you deserve, asshole, to be on your hands and knees in front of a toilet, drinking a man's piss. It's just what you are."

My hand started to slap his upraised buttocks. I didn't have to coax him to continue drinking. He let loose with a spontaneous burst of zeal. My slapping continued until the whole surface of his ass was a bright red so intense that it nearly hid the angry welts of the riding crop.

I finally pulled him out of the toilet, his face looked up to me still dripping with the mixture of water and piss. "Now I'm going to show you just what you're good for."

I worked my cock back up to full erection. I sprawled him on the cool tile floor and raised his legs, spreading them apart with the same motion. Then I knelt between them and found the still lubricated hole. I pushed in, once more sinking the whole shaft with a single thrust, once more being rewarded with a howl of pain at the invasion.

I rested his legs on my shoulders, always keeping up my fucking motions. I grabbed hold of his nipples and forcefully twisted them back and forth, lifting the flesh up away from his chest bone. His hands flayed the air. "Please, please," he moaned. I thought at first he was begging for release from the pain, then I understood he was asking me to keep fucking him.

Jesus. What was going on?

His arms came up and wrapped themselves around my chest, drawing me in. His mouth searched for mine, found it, and kissed me with a deep probing tongue. "Oh, yes, please fuck me, sir. Please fuck me harder." I pounded even more furiously, trying to ignore his words, trying to get myself back into the role of paying customer, paying fucker, paying master. "Oh, sir," and the tongue searched inside my mouth once more. I was climbing closer and closer to my own orgasm. Just as it was arriving, I reared back, popping my cock out of his hole and letting the excruciating streams of cum wave out of my shaft and onto his chest, splashing into the already wet hair.

When the throbbing jets of cum stopped, I reached down and smeared as much of the ooze as I could into my palm. I wiped it across his face, rubbing the translucent liquid into his moustache. He stared at me the whole time. Rather than resist the rubbing hand, he actually licked at the residue, cleaning my palm as though it were covered with a candy coating instead of gism.

The feeling of discomfort came over me again. I was caught off balance by his reactions. I stood. "Shower off. You're a mess," I said in an attempt to sound disgusted. I went out of the room and dressed as the noise of the shower reverberated through the small apartment. I was seated on the couch with my jacket on when he came out still drying himself off.

"Kneel."

He came over and dropped the towel. He fell to his knees in front of me. There was one last ten dollar in my hand. I put it in his mouth. "Your tip. But I'm not sure you earned it."

I watched him as he studied my face. He took the ten dollars out of his teeth and finally said, "Then why don't you make me earn it? You paid for it. Get your money's worth."

"What the fuck do you mean?"

"Take what you want. It's bad for business for me to let a client leave unhappy. I want you satisfied." Without any warning he was leaning over me and unbuckling my belt. He

held it up with both hands as though it were an offering before an altar, the ends dangling on either side. "Use this. You haven't used this yet. Your ass. You haven't made me eat your ass yet. Come on."

I tried to find some mockery in his tone. There was none. But what was it that I heard behind his words? Desperation? "What," my voice was lower now, "are you scared to have me leave?"

"Please don't go...sir. Please don't." He draped the belt over my knees and knelt down. His face was on my boot. Again I could feel his tongue working on the leather. But now the act itself was different. Almost reverent. With unconscious intent, I picked up the belt and let its tip run up and down the center of his back, right along the spine. I'd let the leather sink just as far as his asshole, then drag it up over the rest of the surface.

"You don't know what you're getting into," I warned him. He didn't stop his respectful, slow motion on the boot. My cock was hardening once more. I was on dangerous ground and I knew it.

I stood. His ass was raised high over his knees. I lifted the belt and let it fall hard on his already bruised ass. Again. And again.

But the anger had left me. The beating was severe, but this was a different kind of beating. I was making love to him now. Wonderfully. Each stroke a gift—the act itself a gift from me, the acceptance a gift from him.

He never stopped worshipping my boots as I dropped the belt and stripped down again. I knew I was trapped. Only when my jeans dropped down and covered my boots did he stop. "On your back," I ordered, but with no attempt at cruelty in my voice. This time I spoke from my own need.

I kicked off the boots and laid down beside him. I covered his body with my own, his legs automatically spreading apart to accommodate me. We kissed, deeply. His arms came up around me, my hard cock probed into the crevice between his cheeks. My tongue trailed down through the hair on his chest and found first one then the other nipple. I sucked each one in and rolled it around between my teeth, enjoying the little sounds coming from him that were a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Then I forced his legs up and apart and once again entered him. Our eyes were glued together as my cock forced its way through the opening. I reached between us and took his balls in one hand, pulling them downward. My other hand went up and grabbed his hair. His whole beautiful body arched with tension. I didn't relax either grip, but still let my mouth fall onto his, the wet kiss loving him as much as the pounding cock and demanding holds on his body were dominating him.

I slammed into him with increasing blows from my cock. I rolled us over onto our sides, still grasping his hair and balls, still kissing him. His mouth soon opened with pain, a scream was trapped somewhere in his chest but wouldn't come out. My second orgasm flew out of me, my whole body released a torrent of sweat as intense sensations swept through me.

We collapsed into one another's arms. My cock softened inside him. "Don't leave me, please don't leave me," he whispered into my ear. I couldn't believe what he was saying.

"Then why have you been such an asshole to me," I pulled my face away from his to ask the question. "Why have you acted like such a spoiled little brat every time I've tried to see you?"

"I was frightened." For once he looked away from me.

"Of what? That I'd find out you were a hustler?"

"No, not that. I know all about you," he smiled up at me. "I know you used to do it, too. I didn't think you'd mind that."

"Then what?"

"I..." He hesitated, and then answered rapidly. "I was afraid it would be just like this, just this good, just this powerful. I was frightened that I'd be on my hands and knees licking your boots and that it would feel like it was just what should be happening. I was frightened that you'd bring out all these things in me. God..." He stopped. "God, I loved your belt on my ass." He turned away again, embarrassed.

I leaned down and kissed him gently on the forehead. I forced his face to come back to me and found his mouth with mine once more. We kissed again. My cock, incredibly, was hardening inside him. "It can never be too good," I finally said.

"Sometimes it's so good it scares me," he admitted. "If you bring all these things out in me," he looked at me seriously to deliver this warning, "then you're responsible. You can't leave me then, with all these things—needing your piss, your boots, your belt. You can't leave me wanting them."

"Trust me," I smiled, running my hands over the smooth hairy skin of his body, realizing that it was mine now. Realizing that I could have it whenever I wanted, however I wanted it.

I finally understood all those confusing signals between us. Those things I thought I was forcing on him were the same things he wanted from me. This was going to work, I suddenly realized. This was going to work very well.

It wasn't until a week later that he finally asked me the question I had been waiting for. "When you were making me count out the strokes of the riding crop, you gave me a reason for each one of them, but the last. Why? Wasn't there a reason for the tenth welt, too?"

"Yes," I sipped my coffee. "I was going to tell you I loved you." □

DRUMMER

HOT SHIT!

READER SURVEY!

It has been said that *Drummer* packages up your fantasies and sells them back to you. Be that as it may, we need even more input from you on exactly what you want to see covered in future issues of *Drummer*. We want to know what turns you on; which is what *Drummer* is all about. We want to know what you are curious about and can't find explored elsewhere

Hence, The First Drummer Fetish Survey

To make it as easy as possible, we've listed some of the areas that readers have, from time to time, written about. We created the scenerio for a specific fetish fantasy. And we've asked some questions about how you feel about *Drummer* itself. Get you pen out, print neatly, and tell us what it is you've always wanted to know but were afraid to ask

YOUR PARTICULAR FETISH

ACTIVITIES:

- ☐ Whipping
- ☐ Bondage
- ☐ Fisting
- ☐ Torture
- ☐ Shaving
- ☐ Piercing
- ☐ Verbal Abuse

Other _____

WITH WHOM DO YOU FANTASIZE DOING IT:

- ☐ The guy next door
- ☐ A football player
- ☐ Your boss
- ☐ Co-worker
- ☐ Your father
- ☐ Your brother
- ☐ Your son
- ☐ A non-gay man
- ☐ A teenager (forget it)

Other _____

WHAT PART OF HIM INTRIGUES YOU:

- ☐ Muscles
- ☐ Ass
- ☐ Tits
- ☐ Legs
- ☐ Cock
- ☐ Balls
- ☐ Feet
- ☐ Other _____
- ☐ Body Hair
- ☐ Lack of Body Hair

WHERE DO YOU FANTASIZE DOING IT:

- ☐ Deserted alley
- ☐ In public view
- ☐ His house/apartment
- ☐ Your house/apartment
- ☐ In the woods
- ☐ In a leather bar
- ☐ In a jail cell
- ☐ Other _____

WHICH SUBJECTS BELOW INTEREST YOU:

- ☐ Catheterization
- ☐ Strangulation
- ☐ Necrophilia
- ☐ Genitorture
- ☐ Bestiality
- ☐ Scat
- ☐ Water sports
- ☐ Rape
- ☐ Prostitution
- ☐ Other _____

ALL ABOUT YOU

AGE:

- ☐ 21-35 years old
- ☐ 36-45 years old
- ☐ 46-65 years old
- ☐ Over 65

LIFESTYLE:

- ☐ Read only *Drummer*
- ☐ Read *Drummer* and 1-2 others
- ☐ Read *Drummer* and 3-4 others
- ☐ Own a motorcycle
- ☐ Have a playroom (or dungeon)
- ☐ Travel at least once a year
- ☐ Go to porn movies
- ☐ Own a video recorder
- ☐ Own a stereo
- ☐ Wear leather (regular basis)
- ☐ Have a slave
- ☐ Have a Master

- ☐ Have answered a classified ad in *Drummer*
- ☐ Have placed a classified ad in *Drummer*
- ☐ Have purchased from a *Drummer* classified ad
- ☐ Have purchased from a *Drummer* ad (non-classified)

OCCUPATION:

- ☐ Unemployed
- ☐ Blue Collar
- ☐ White Collar
- ☐ Professional

OTHER GAY PERIODICALS I READ:

THE MAGAZINE

- ☐ Subscribe
- ☐ Buy Single copies
- ☐ Since Issue #_____

DO YOU PREFER:

- ☐ Artwork
- ☐ Photography (or) ☐ Both equally
- ☐ Fiction
- ☐ Non-Fiction (or) ☐ Both equally

WHAT REGULAR DEPARTMENT DO YOU READ *FIRST*:

- ☐ Male Call/Dear Sir
- ☐ Drumbeats (Classifieds)
- ☐ ConRap
- ☐ Leather Bulletin Board
- ☐ Tough Shit
- ☐ Drumsticks
- ☐ Leather Notebook
- ☐ London Leather
- ☐ Drummedia (Films/Books)
- ☐ Tough Customers

WHAT REGULAR DEPARTMENTS DO YOU READ *EACH* ISSUE:

- ☐ Male Call/Dear Sir
- ☐ Drumbeats (Classifieds)
- ☐ ConRap
- ☐ Leather Bulletin Board
- ☐ Tough Shit
- ☐ Drumsticks
- ☐ Leather Notebook
- ☐ London Leather
- ☐ Drummedia (Films/Books)
- ☐ Tough Customers

WHAT REGULAR DEPARTMENTS DO YOU *NEVER* READ:

- ☐ Male Call/Dear Sir
- ☐ Drumbeats (Classifieds)
- ☐ ConRap
- ☐ Leather Bulletin Board
- ☐ Tough Shit
- ☐ Drumsticks
- ☐ Leather Notebook
- ☐ London Leather
- ☐ Drummedia (Films/Books)
- ☐ Tough Customers

DO YOU *GENERALLY* LIKE THE FICTION IN *DRUMMER*:

☐ Yes ☐ No

If NO, briefly explain why _____

IN PAST ISSUES I LIKED:

- ☐ Photo-funnies
- ☐ Drum Comics
- ☐ Center Poster
- ☐ In Passing
- ☐ Editorials
- ☐ Porn Reviews
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE:

- ☐ Picture spreads
- ☐ Color
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Less Advertising
- ☐ Bar Scene coverage
- ☐ Humor
- ☐ S & M
- ☐ Sleeze
- ☐ Black Leather
- ☐ Western
- ☐ Older Men
- ☐ Younger Men

WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR FAVORITE SERIAL IN OUR FICTION SECTION?

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____

IN THIS ISSUE OF *DRUMMER*, WHICH ARTICLES/STORIES DID YOU READ:

- ☐ Hellfire ☐ Liked ☐ Didn't Like
- ☐ Mr. Leather San Diego ☐ Liked ☐ Didn't Like
- ☐ Foreskin Update ☐ Liked ☐ Didn't Like
- ☐ The Tenth Welt ☐ Liked ☐ Didn't Like
- ☐ The Hotwire ☐ Liked ☐ Didn't Like

IF THERE COULD BE A NEW DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO A SINGLE SUBJECT OR AREA NOT CURRENTLY IN *DRUMMER*, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE IT TO BE:

_____

GENERAL COMMENTS: _____

See, that wasn't hard!
Not only will we tell you the results of this survey in an upcoming issue of *Drummer*, but the results themselves will have a major impact on future issues of *Drummer*. Fill out the entire questionaire, detach the page (we printed it this way so that you would not have to mutilate your copy of *Drummer*) and mail it to:

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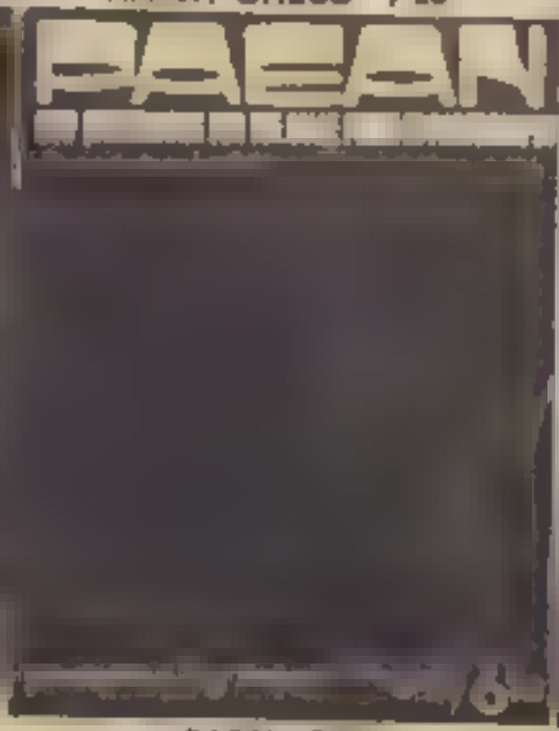

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KICKBOXER

by MAKO

CONCLUSION!

We were packing when the phone rang. Seth had a limp, but the doctor said he would be fine, a gay doctor who obviously thought Seth was a hustler I was having checked over. Seth wasn't happy with the move, not because he was leaving anything behind, but because he was in pain...

"Yeah?" I answered, th nking Sam had the gang pegged down; my heart-beat quickened.

"I have sent my son to fetch you," Sensei said.

"Yes, Sensei," I submitted, my heart as quick but for a different reason.

He hung up.

"I'm going to Sensei's," I told Seth.

His eyes showed interest but nothing more. He nodded and kept on packing.

"If Sam calls while I'm out, tell him not tonight," I told Seth.

"Yes, Sir!" Seth replied, emphasizing the 'Sir' as if to reassure me that I was still in command.

I went upstairs, stripped down, and threw underwear and socks into the laundry hamper. I went to the bathroom, washed up at the sink, shaved, brushed my teeth, continuously concentrating on my breathing so I wouldn't do a sloppy job. I wanted to be ready when my ride arrived but there was time. Sensei didn't have to forewarn me; he knew I would have gone with his son at the mention of his name.

The blurred outlines in the fogged mirror showed me to be in good condition, worthy of my master. I could be better, I knew, but I wasn't sure in precisely what way. I was still caught up in the illusion of my individuality, still needed a guide.

I dressed quickly, clean jeans and polo shirt. I dropped my belt, keys, knife and wallet into the desk caddy, slipped on loafers and went outside to wait.

It was a cool evening. I thought I could smell a touch of fall in the air. It hurt to think of giving up fall. I put the thought from my mind and knelt by the pine tree in the side yard, settling back on my heels.

It was time to clear my head, to withdraw into nothingness, to exist without attitude. My mind was too full, it was hard to drift away. I was still not there when the boy puttered in on his moped.

He nodded when I got on behind him and we crawled off. I felt ridiculous, almost as if on a tricycle, as we puttered down the road. The bike couldn't break 25mph; the trip would take half an hour with me huddled against the kid in front of me, feeling the boy's ass and trying to keep my mind off it, hearing the taunts from passing cars and trying to ignore them. I felt like a knight put into an oxcart for public humiliation. I rode praying no biker would come past us.

It was with great relief that I saw Sensei's house come into view. It was a small rancher, immaculate and secluded. Like its owner, it presented a neat, modest exterior that hid the depths of development. Sensei's gardens stretched out behind the house; the house itself was only for sleeping, cooking, studying.

Steve, the Sensei's kid, gunned the moped and it gained just enough speed to crawl up the driveway and into the garage. Sensei's Mercedes occupied half of it; the material that would normally consitute garage clutter was neatly organized into the other half.

Steve got off the moped, parked it carefully, stored his helmet with his gloves, and pushed the wall button so the door descended.

"You are to strip," he told me and made a big deal of watching, a kid with a smirk watching me strip down. He motioned for me to to ov once. was nude and ed me out the back door into the gardens.

We walked down a lane of boxwood to the center court where Sensei sat on a platform in a small grove of trees and talked to his wife. Cages of canaries and crickets, and lanterns swung from the tree limbs; the birds were singing in their light. A small table held food and the implements for tea. Sensei's wife nodded and took little notice of my nudity; she had seen it before. I approached and knelt behind Steve.

"Ah, Mako," Sensei said after a few moments. "I thought to share this evening with you."

"Thank you, Sensei," I muttered.

He said nothing but sat listening to the birds, the breeze, the night crickets. His wife and son sat as quietly. I sat wondering what he had in mind, whether Sam had found the bikers, whether Seth was safe alone. Sensei began the preparation of the tea: grinding the green tea in the mortar, heating the pot with a quick double swish, adding tea to hot water, examining the cups, setting them in order, whisking the tea about in the pot, then pouring a cup, examining it and making as if to hand it to me, then pulling the cup away from my hand.

"But your cup's already full," he told me.

The old tale of attitude and again true: I was too full of my petty worries to seek anything more.

"No excuse, Sensei," I told him.

Sensei smiled, a pitying, paternal smile, and turned to Steve.

"Please show this one the glen," he asked.

Steve bowed, his face a mask. He got up. I followed. I knew the way to the glen very well: across the ornamental bridge, behind the trees, just about to the little fountain. A few pieces of weathered wood formed simple frames and benches.

Steve indicated one that looked like a hitching post of waist height. I bent over it and tried to concentrate on the gurgling water. But I heard him taking off his shirt and selecting a cane from among the bundle wrapped in oilskin.

"There is only the present," I told myself as other thoughts leaked in.

"Whoossh, Pop!" The cane cut the air and then cut me. I lurched into the wood and Steve laughed. Anger rose in me at the sound.

"Whosh, Pop!" I was hit again and again as I was filled with pain and anger at this punk who laughed.

Steve paused after fifteen strokes and walked to the fountain to cool his hand. I looked at him and saw Sensei's son, saw the reflection of my own ego and then gave up my anger. The beating was earned; all I could lose was my pride and some of my body, which all men lose.

"Please, Sir," I called out. "Please continue."

Steve bowed slightly and came back. The cane cut into my body but slowly I was able to draw myself from it and accept it. He stopped. We cleansed ourselves at the fountain before returning to Sensei.

Sensei nodded and smiled at me.

"And what did you learn this pleasant evening?" he asked.

"That I was afraid of losing that which will be lost," I answered. "So afraid that I couldn't find that which one can keep."

"A valuable lesson, grasshopper," Sensei joked, amused at my attempt to sound profound. "Have you expressed gratitude?"

"Not to the extent I would wish," I replied.

Sensei turned to his son. "This slave wishes to express gratitude for your teaching," he said. "What would please you?"

Steve sat and thought. He knew it was something of a test. He knew his parents were quite open about sexual matters but he seemed somewhat embarrassed by his mother's presence. It was a problem for him, how to reinforce my slavery in the manner he desired without displaying himself. I watched passively, content to serve.

Finally he smiled. He had thought of a way.

"This slave is a powerful fighter," Steve said. "I respect his courage yet he is a slave. I'd like to share this slave's strength without lowering myself to his level. I'd like to drink of his manhood in my tea and humble him by our watching him perform as a child does."

His mother hid her mouth behind her hands but her eyes

were wide with interest in me. Sensei nodded to his son and handed me the cup. I bowed, placed the cup between my knees and began to masturbate.

They watched intently as I masturbated; only the Orientals can take such unabashed interest in all facets of life. I kept at it, no fantasy in mind, nothing but the feeling of submission, of doing in public what I had so often done in hiding as a boy.

I felt totally a slave, with no right to shame, no responsibility for correct behavior, no purpose but to bring pleasure to my masters. There was freedom in it, and sensuality, and desire. I wanted them to see me cum, wanted the earth to shake with it, the heavens resound with it.

Perhaps my expectations were a bit high but it was a fine spurting and as I caught my breath I looked down to see my cum where the stilling tea was swirled with ropes of pearl.

I bowed and handed the cup to Steve. He sat quietly, taking in the cup and that within it. Then he drank it in two short gulps, nodded to the cup again and sat it down.

"Most tasty," he told me.

"Thank you," I stammered, not sure of how to address him.

Sensei nodded and his wife and son left the two of us alone in the shadows. He poured me some tea and I drank it slowly, trying to appreciate the art of the cup, the life of the tea. I felt something, like shadows in the forest, but saw nothing.

"You are an enigma to me," the Sensei told me. "Too much pride, as in all westerners, yet self-respect. Why are you content to just wander in this life, blown upon circumstance?"

I looked up dully. It was true I had no real dreams, no set ambition. "I am what I want to be," I said.

"Yes," he said. "A child. I suppose you must do this thing with this... this Ninja?"

I nodded.

"There is no honor in it," he said evenly.

I nodded.

He reached into his kimono and brought out a small scroll.

"This may be of some small use to you in Florida," he told me.

"Thank you, Sensei," I said with a small bow and wondering how he knew of Florida.

He sat watching me, his face, as always, a mask.

"I do not believe I'll use you," he said at last.

"I'm sorry, Sir," I told him, my heart slowing. He shook his head at my disappointment, let the mask slip a bit and I thought he was disappointed in me someway, that I had stepped away from the careful web of life he was constructing.

"Please go," he dismissed me and turned to his birds.

I turned and walked away, filled with my inability to offer thanks, inability to even make him proud of me. I opened the garage door and stopped, shocked by the picture Steve made as he knelt nude upon my clothes and jerked his cock over my jeans. His mouth fell open but he didn't stop.

"I though you'd be longer," he said.

"Enjoy yourself," I told him, remembering the recent show I had put on.

Steve seemed to remember also, at least his breathing heightened and he began to arch. His tongue came to his lips.

"We could do more," he offered.

A tempting offer; he was all soft tapers, pliable and exotic. His black hair glistened and I wanted him, but he was too young.

"This is enough," I told him. "Keep the show going; let's see how much a punk like you can squirt!"

He got into the abuse. He whipped his cock about in hypermotion, one hand went back to cup his buttocks and he kept to it.

"You had my load," I told him. "It should give you some

strength," I stopped as he was squirting, long ropes that fell into my jeans as his panting gave way to little satisfied grunts.

He sat and watched me pull the jeans on, saw the damp spots I felt against my skin and smiled at me. Then he too got dressed. He ground his ass back towards me as we rode home but I did not respond. I was suddenly empty. It was as if everything was coming to its end.

I kept Seth busy packing. It kept his mind off things, but I could tell he was sulking, not refusing anything but doing things without his normal enthusiasm. The house was full of half-packed boxes and lists of things to do but I sat in my chair with my feet up on a cardboard box and drank Jack Daniels, my mind filled with anger. I felt trapped, headed nowhere; even Seth's nude body was an affront, a great prize I was no longer worthy of. His pretty ass was a knife at my ribs and my eyes kept on it as I drank my bourbon

"Get some clothes on!" I ordered surly

There was hurt in his eyes as he turned to me and nodded, and the knife was to my ribs once more

"Over my lap!" I commanded

He came and draped himself into position I reached up and hit that threatening ass one powerful shot, brought a yelp from him, pulled him back and my anger was gone. I had no reason to beat him, not for my pleasure or displeasure. I reached for my bourbon with one hand and massaged his ass with the other and felt his cock grow against my lap

I had no reason to feel bad about hitting my slave; he was mine to beat, but I wasn't at peace with myself I was faking something. I worked on getting drunk. It was my best way to re-examine what I missed sober

"Anything is permissable if you are prepared to suffer the consequences." Sensei's words came back to me.

"What consequences? Jail? It held no real terror for me. I had seen enough of the hypocrisy of society to have little fear of its condemnation, and being locked up where I could meditate, fight and make boys was not much different from the world I was already imprisoned in

I poured some of the bourbon into Seth's ass, worked it into his asshole with my finger and set the glass on his back so he couldn't move much as I reconsidered the consequences.

I had been insulted and was striking back, very samurai on the surface yet the insult was to me, to pride held above service to Sensei and the way. And in striking back I was treating those peasants as equals, as if they had had equal access to education and culture, as if they felt about more than physical needs or as if I didn't. And the bikers had some case against me. I had interfered and taken Seth from them, injured one of their people and the injuries done me were not equal to the prize I had taken, the fine ass before me.

I finished up the bourbon and set the glass aside.

"Stand up, boy," I whispered

He stood before me, his cock hard, his body trembling slightly and all goosebumped, his nipples hard and inviting. I pulled him to me; he hesitated a moment not sensing what I wanted, then came to my pressure

The cock was soft, sweet. He smelled young, like dawn on the ocean. His cock was a jetty, hard yet pointing to the eternal. A drop of salty precum wet my lips as my mouth walked the length of the jetty His breathing was very rapid, his pulse was thumping deep in his chest.

Seth was very careful at first, not sure what was expected of him. I was remembering old cocks, thirsting to refresh myself in his young cum, wanting to suck my slave dry My own cock

rose hard in my jeans, my cum-scabbed jeans. I cupped both his cheeks in my hands and pulled him to me. He gave in to it, twisting, grunting

I wanted him all, sought to suck his youth out from his cock as through a straw. His cock teased my mouth from the all-but-choking thickness when his pubic hairs teased my cheeks, down the taper to where the tongue could come into play up to the puzzle groves of the head. My jaws began to ache but it was a minor ache, easily ignored in the face of the tactile pleasure of taking him: producing grunts with my tongue, lips or suction, playing him as an instrument, as the skin flute of schoolboy taunts.

Finally he cried and shuddered and I felt the wetness fill my mouth. I slowed but kept at him until his cock withered away I pushed him off and swallowed; the cum was milky, thick, salty, the basis of the sea— the basis of life

Seth was catching his breath; I pushed him to the floor, pushed him on his back

"Absolutely still!" I ordered as I squatted over him and once more began to work my own cock as I stared down at my slaveboy, my possession, my trust. Once more he had brought out my own imperfection, set me back on the path. There is no better mirror to a man than his slave. My one hand kept to my cock; the other began to explore my gut and chest, reaffirming my strength, my worthiness to rule.

Seth opened his mouth to catch my cum; I slapped him and he shut his mouth, his eyes slits, his breathing hard, desiring the flow

"You're mine," I thought. "Mine, mine. Lips, ass, cock, soul"

My cum dripped from his nose, puddled upon his cheek, lips and chin: strings and puddles. He lay panting, one eye closed to the cum. I wiped it away and gave him my finger to taste as a reward

"Keep still," I told him. "I've got a phone call to make."

He lay still, my cum on his face as I called Slick Sam.

"Hello?" he grunted.

I heard giggling in the background.

"Sam, it's off," I told him

"Five days' pay!" he told me, then caught his breath and grunted. Someone knew how to please Sam

"Sure," I told him and hung up

Seth was hard again. I squatted over his face, let him fit himself to me, leaned forward, grabbed his legs, pulled them up, splayed him out. I felt his tongue in my asshole, gently blew upon his to watch it contract I rimmed it and watched it contract, seeking me. His tongue had me hard quite soon but I sat and enjoyed for maybe five minutes. Then I whirled around and jammed myself into him. His eyes showed pain for a minute and then pleasure

"We're not going anywhere," I told him The fact that he was pinned to the floor like an insect to a board emphasized the point

"Yes, Sir," he grunted

I began to fuck him very, very slowly, watching my thick cock sneak out of his asshole a centimeter at a time

"Have to teach you handgun proficiency," I told him.

"Yes, Sir," he grunted again

"Much to teach you," I told him, feeling the tickling in my pisshole telling me it was about time

"Please, Sir," he grunted

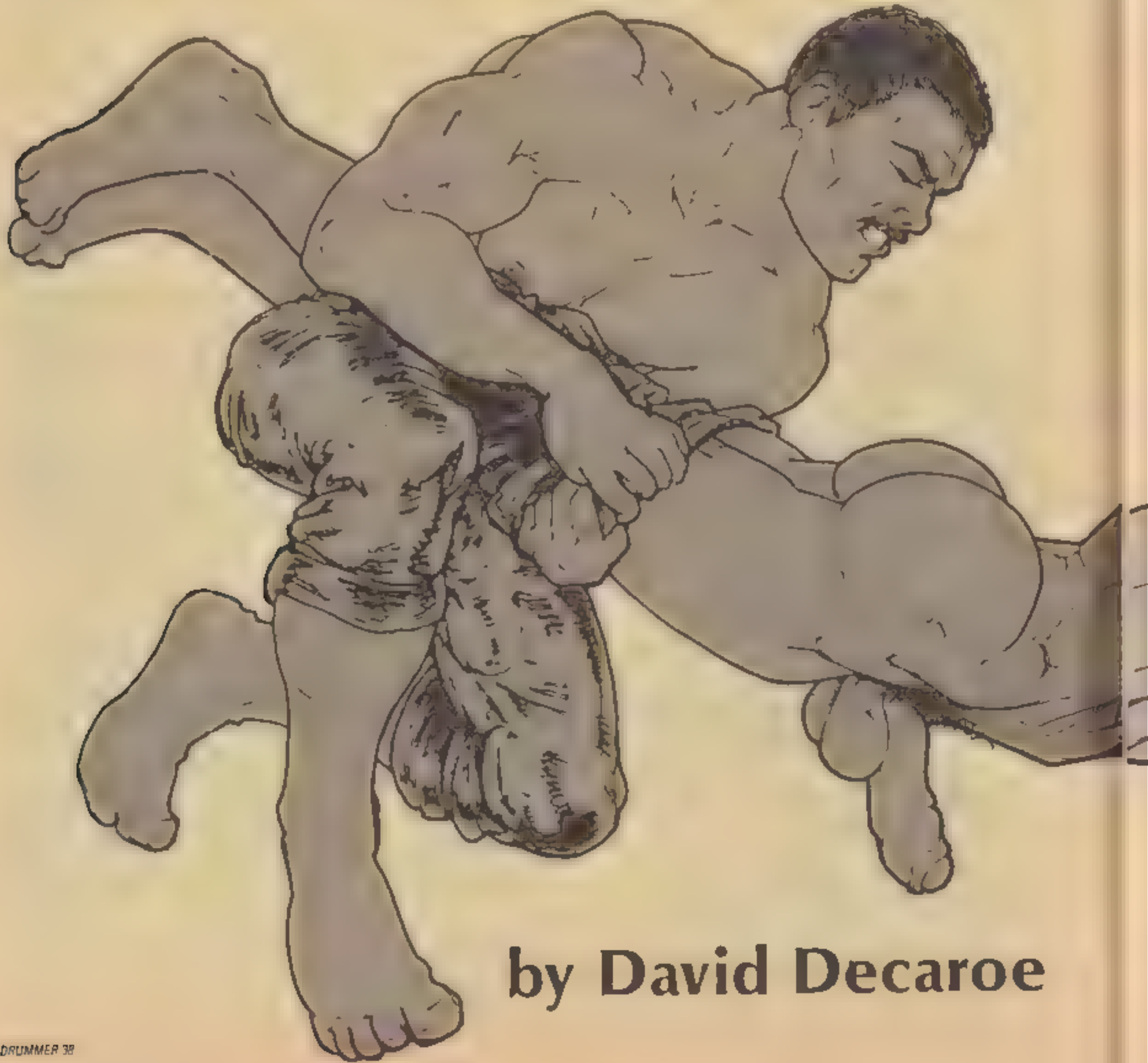
I gave it to him a bit harder, not too hard as I was a bit drained but hard enough to let him feel he could pull it from me. □

THE HOTWIRE

It was almost dark, the winter moon having already set. Pablo was surprised to find that the door of the expensive brown and yellow van was unlocked. Crouching quickly down, he knew he better work fast. Already he could see a few of the workers from the construction site making their way to their cars and trucks in the dusty makeshift parking lot. Glancing about the plush interior, he could see it would be worth a lot of money. You would be proud of him. He'd have to accept him now. This would probably make it for him.

Attaching the two wires was not as simple as he thought and, getting down on his knees to better look under the complicated dash, he had to take a few moments to figure out what wires led where. Attaching one, he had only to try a couple of other contact points. He wished he had a pocket flashlight. He'd get one as soon as Joz gave him some money.

"Just about got it started, have you?" he heard a deep voice ask. "Why, you son of a bitch, get your ass out of there!" And suddenly, Pablo felt powerful hands grab him by the



by David Decaroe

neck and under the crotch and force him face down on the ground beside the van. Struggling to see what his captor looked like, he felt a heavy foot on the base of his spine. The same two hands reached quickly under him, pulling off his worn thin belt, and began to bind his wrists together behind him.

"Now, thief, let's have a look at you!" the stern voice snapped, and with a yank, Pablo was pulled from the ground and onto his feet. In sudden shock and terror, he looked frantically up at the tall, heavy set man in T-shirt, Levis and work boots. He hadn't thought for a moment he'd ever get caught. He could tell his captor was an older man by the touch of grey in his short blond hair.

"Okay!" said the big man gruffly. "Into the van and let's turn you over to Security so they can call the cops. Little buddy hotwire, you'll be on your way to jail in no time!"

Quivering and on the verge of tears, Pablo eased himself awkwardly into the van and sat in the passenger seat as the big man climbed quickly in beside him and started the engine.

"Well, I'll be damned!" The man swore again as they pulled out of the parking lot and drove toward the security gate. "I leave this thing for two fuckin' minutes and what do I find? Some fuckin' no-good punk tryin' to hotwire it. Funny I didn't see you. What the hell were you doin'? Squattin' on your ass behind another car or somethin'?"

Pablo could see a guard standing outside the gate house. "*Por favor, senor*" he said. "I am sorry for trying to steal your van. It was the first time. I cannot find a job so a friend said he would give me a little money and a place to stay if I would steal a car for him. I don't know what to do. I have no money." And the tears began to burn the lids of his eyes. "I am sorry, *senor*."

"What a line of bullshit that is!" retorted the man. "That's all you hear today. Young punks stealin' and rapin' and knockin' old ladies down for their purses. I'm sick to death of it, I tell you. I'm really pissed off. Well, I'm glad I caught one of you."

Pablo's throat began to dry as tears rolled down his cheeks. Why didn't Yoz tell him it might be like this? He said just be careful, that's all. Not to worry. Just don't let anyone see you.

As they neared the gate, Pablo asked: "Will the police hurt me, *senor*? I have never been with the police. This is my first time."

"How old are you, punk?" the big man said.

"Sixteen and a half," Pablo replied.

Instead of stopping at the gate, the big man drove swiftly past the gate to the parking lot exit.

"Tell you what I'm gonna do, little buddy hotwire," he said. "I had a bitch of a day on the site today and I'm in a rotten mood. We can either drive back to the gate and turn you over to the cops or drive out to a place of mine I'm fixing up. I've just the spot to beat your ass."

Pablo swallowed hard. "If you will not beat me too hard, *senor*, I would like to go with you. I will suck your cock if you wish me to. I am very good."

"Well, I don't intend to *injure* you," the big man promised, steering the van onto the highway, "but I'll guarantee you one thing; you're gonna get a real hot feelin' every time you bend over to hotwire some guy's car."

The man didn't speak for a long time and Pablo did not want to say anything. They were driving into the country, past what looked like small farms or homesteads. Suddenly the big man slowed the van and turned slowly into a rough dirt driveway that led through a strand of trees to an old house. Pulling up beside it, the *senor* shut off the engine and turned out the lights. Coming around to Pablo's side, he unlocked the door, took him by the upper arm and helped him out of the van.

In the still darkness, the *senor* guided him along a path to a small white structure, or shed, at the rear of the house. Inserting a key from a chain attached to his belt, he opened the padlock, reached in and snapped on a dull light. "Come on in," he said to Pablo, and pulled the door closed behind them.

Silently and fearfully, Pablo watched him as he took two wooden crates and, placing them a few feet apart, laid two boards across them. Then from a shelf he took a dusty quilted cover and, folding it in half, laid it over the boards. With his finger he motioned to Pablo. "Okay, buddy," he said, "this is where you learn a good lesson."

As Pablo approached, the *senor* freed his wrists from behind him and secured them together again in front of him. Then he ordered Pablo to lie face down on the covered boards, stretching his arms above his head. Removing the chain of keys, the *senor* began unbuckling the wide Levi belt about his waist.

"Are you going to beat me with your belt, *senor*?" asked Pablo dryly.

His question ignored, he watched the *senor* slip the end of the belt through the buckle end and, feeling his shoes being pulled off, felt his ankles being secured together. He began to feel afraid.

"Do not hurt me too much, *senor*," he begged. "I am sorry I tried to steal your van."

With rough hands, the *senor* reached under him and loosened his jeans. "These pants of yours are so worn and tight," he said, "that I needn't take them down at all, but I want your ass nice and bare." And with a yank, Pablo felt his jeans being pulled down to his ankles.

"No wonder they looked tight!" scoffed the *senor*. "No underwear."

"No, *senor*," Pablo squirmed, not liking his small round buttocks suddenly exposed. "Just my pants."

He felt the *senor*'s big hand move briskly over his quivering

bottom "You're pretty lean," he heard the *senor* say. "Not much meat on you. What does this friend of yours do to you? Starve you to death?"

"I have not been with him long, *senor*," said Pablo. "I ran away from home a week ago and rode from Arizona with a trucker who gave me a ride. Yoz gave me a place to stay and something to eat if I would steal a car for him."

"Why did you want to run away?" the big man asked.

"My mother has a boy friend who does not like me," Pablo answered. "He threw me against a wall because I was in the way."

"Well, I don't know if I believe that shit or not," the big man said, "but just the same, I plan to do you a favor." As he walked to a cupboard, Pablo watched him reach in and bring out a long leather strap with a handle. He noticed the end of it had been cut into strips. His heart began to pound.

"When the wife and I first bought this place," the *senor* explained, "we had two sons. They're both grown now, and the wife's gone. She died a few years ago, so I've been renting it out. I homesteaded the place while the kids were young and used to bring them up here to get their butts tanned when they needed it. What one didn't think of, the other did, so their bare bottoms got to know the feel of this strap pretty well. Must not have hurt them; they turned out okay. One's a building contractor and the other's a police lieutenant."

Positioning himself beside Pablo, he placed a hand on the base of Pablo's spine. "I'd forgotten about this strap until I met a guy one night at a truck stop. He mentioned he liked a little discipline, and when I brought him here and showed him my strap, he suggested I cut the bottom six inches into three or four strips. When I beat his ass with it, he nearly went out of his mind. I know I hurt him, yet even when his butt was a mass of welts, he begged me not to stop. Said it was the best he ever felt. I never met a guy like that before."

Suddenly, Pablo heard him raise the strap and, as it whished through the air, he felt the first blow. It wasn't painful but it made him nervous and he started to squirm as he felt the second fall across his buttocks. Then the strap struck his right thigh, then across the buttocks again, the thong-like ends beginning to sting a little. The *senor* began to increase the tempo and force of the strap.

"Just think about hotwiring my van as I whip your ass," he said, administering the strap more painfully now. "Just ask yourself if you think it was worth it."

The strap began to burn and sting as the *senor* struck the same tender spots a second and third time. The thongs stung sharply. Moving to his other side, the *senor* began to whip the left side of his buttocks and thighs. Pablo bounced to free himself but the strap caught him painfully every time across the bare behind.

"Oh, *senor, por favor!*" he gasped, the strapping becoming unbearable. "Please! *Por favor!* It hurts so much, *senor*."

"Just a few more to help you remember, little buddy," snapped the *senor*. "I could just as easily have handed you over to the cops."

His buttocks and thighs searing from the strapping, Pablo was grateful when the *senor* suddenly stopped and hung the strap on a nail in the wall. "Oh, thank you, *senor*," he sobbed. "Thank you. It was a good whipping."

"I'll just leave it handy on the wall here," the *senor* said, "in case I have to use it on you again." Then, bending over to pick up a wooden stool, he placed it on the floor in front of Pablo's head. Watching the look in Pablo's eyes, he spread his legs and began to lower the zipper of his fly. "I believe you offered to suck my dick," he said, reaching into his shorts and pulling out a long hairy cock. "Well, I think one favor deserves another."

Pablo watched intently as the *senor* pulled on the roll of soft flesh until it lengthened and the lips of the bulbous head began to twitch. Hungrily, Pable ran his tongue along the dry lips of his mouth, watching as the *senor* pulled and pulled on the thickening shaft.

Slowly the *senor* sat down on the stool and, drawing Pablo's head into his crotch, fed his dick into Pablo's eager mouth. At first, because he was still nervous, Pablo felt he was going to choke as the *senor* pushed the cock deeper into his mouth.

"There now!" said the *senor*, letting up at last and patting Pablo's cheeks. "You just suck that big thick dick till I'm ready to shoot my load," and Pablo felt the *senor*'s big hands massage his face.

As Pablo sucked and ran his tongue along the tender underpart of the big man's cock, he could feel the burning feeling in his buttocks easing slightly and, glancing up at the wall, studied the leather strap hanging from the nail. Suddenly, he felt exhilarated and strangely happy. He did not believe the *senor* was a cruel man, only a strong man. He did not believe the *senor* would hurt him any further. Now he was not afraid, but rather, enjoyed what he was feeling—being naked, having been punished for a wrong he did—alone with the *senor*.

After awhile, he felt the *senor*'s hands tighten about his cheeks and the long thick dick grow hard. As it thrust deeper into his throat, he heard the *senor* say: "Okay, little buddy, here it comes!" and suddenly Pablo could feel the warm smooth semen sliding down his throat. He swallowed gently two or three times, surprised he did not choke or feel sick to his stomach. It was the first time he had eaten a man's cum and it felt wonderful.

Still sitting on the stool in front of him, the *senor* reached behind him for a handkerchief from his back pocket. As he wiped his penis slowly, he said, "I've been thinkin', little buddy. I'd like to see you get off this stealin' kick for good and make something of yourself, and let that so-called friend of yours, Yoz, go fuck himself. Tomorrow is Friday. How about I set up a cot for you to sleep out here in the shed and, in the morning, we'll have some breakfast and I'll take you to work with me and see if the foreman will take you on as a laborer. Then, how about spending the weekend helping me clean this place up? I may decide to move back here. I'll give you a few dollars to tide you over till you get your first paycheck."

Pablo looked up at the stern blue eyes. "I would like that, *senor*," he said. "Very much. I will work very hard."

He watched a wide grin come over the *senor*'s face as he tilted his blond hair toward the wall. "You better! You see that strap over there, dontcha?"

Pablo nodded. "Thank you, *senor*. Maybe it will help me to be like your sons."

The *senor* smiled broadly as he ran a hand through Pablo's thick dark hair. "If you think you'd like to try, we'll give it a whirl for a couple of days. In the meantime, I'll keep that strap handy. I almost wore it out using it on my kids."

Pablo looked at him and grinned. Then the *senor* freed his wrists and ankles. "Come in the house," he said, "and we'll have a bite to eat. Then we'll set up the cot and make you a bed out here."

Later that evening, after turning out lamp beside his cot, Pablo sat for a few moments in the dark and felt how lucky he was. He was glad he would not have to work for Yoz anymore. In fact, Yoz needn't know whatever happened to him. As he gazed about the shed, moonlight shone gently through the small dusty window and illuminated the razor strop hanging on the wall. His eyes glued to it, Pablo snuggled under the covers. It was going to be nice spending the weekend here. He would try very hard to please his new friend and maybe the *senor* would ask him to stay. It would be nice to be able to stay with the *senor*. □

THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,
This isn't strictly an SM question, but I'm sure a lot of leather guys are in the same situation as many gays in general. My lover and I have been together for almost fifteen years, and we have both been doing quite well financially for the last seven or eight years. I'm 42 and he's 38, both in good health. But we'd still like to do whatever we can to assure that the survivor will be able to keep everything we've both worked for, when the day comes that one of us departs this vale of sorrow. We both have families (brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, etc). What should we do, just in general terms?

(name withheld) Sacramento, CA

Dear Nameless,
Now I'm supposed to be a lawyer! Well, since we both live in California, I can tell you how my attorney advised us. However, the rules are going to vary from one state to another, especially those bible belt areas where gay relationships are not recognized. First, make out wills leaving everything to each other. Have a lawyer draw them up, and try to find an experienced man who is familiar with gay estate planning. There are a couple of loopholes you want to plug, just in case the family wants to contest it. Secondly, make sure your house or other real property, in addition to whatever investments you have, are held in joint tenancy. Thirdly, if your relationship with your family is such that you can do so, discuss your arrangements with them, and try to get them to understand that you regard your realtionship exactly as a married heterosexual couple would regard theirs. If you can head off a legal challenge to your will(s), there should not be much problem in California. One way to reassure any potential heirs is to have an agreement that the surviving partner is going to leave a will that remembers the deceased partner's nieces and nephews. That's only fair, anyway, and it takes away the main excuse for a challenge.

Dear Mr. Townsend, Sir!
I have read most of your writings— all that I could lay my hands on, but I still do not understand why you insist on an M's having the right to set limits, while you have no sympathy for a slave who has his limits exceeded. They seem to me to be the same, or almost the same thing.

Bottom in New Orleans

Dear Bottom,
"Almost" or "close" only counts in horseshoes. There is a world of difference between an M and a slave. An M is, in effect, an independent contractor. He picks his Masters, and can elect to go with whomever is willing to take him on. He lives his own life and determines his own destiny except for the few hours when he submits himself to the Top. He has not given up the right to set limits, and to back out of a scene if it gets too heavy. A slave surrenders himself completely to one Master. He gives up the right of self-determination, and if he is a proper slave he takes his pleasure from the pleasure he is able to afford his Master. If he can't do this, he is not a slave. Thus, when someone writes to me, claiming to be a slave, but sniveling about his treatment... well, you've obviously seen my responses.

Dear Larry,
This may sound like a silly question, but you might be able to settle an argument by answering it. What is the maximum, safe weight to hang from a guy's balls? I know this will vary with the individual, but generally speaking, what is a ballpark figure?

Jock in New York

Dear Jock,
I think you have answered your own question. The weight is going to vary, and greatly so, from one guy to the next. A beginner may freak out at a couple of pounds. At a recent Hellfire Inferno, a friend on mine lost the ball weight lifting contest when his ball stretcher broke at 37 pounds. The guy who won this year lifted 20 pounds and said he could have gone higher, but his competition pooped out. For the average experienced guy, in "ballpark" figures, I d say somewhere between five and ten pounds is plenty. Even that's going to be too much for some, not enough for others.

Dear Larry,
Just a snide question. I was at Inferno this year and I saw your new van. I like the black and blue motif, but the black is vinyl instead of leather. How come, big leatherman?

(Unsigned) Houston, TX

Dear unsigned,
To quote the Bard of Avon, "Costly thy dress as thy purse can buy...," If you'd peeked into the side cabinet, however, you'd have found leather where it counts. (Besides, my Doberpersons won't chew vinyl, but they sometimes do a real number on leather.) Sorry about that!

Dear Larry,
I recently had a very heavy scene with a Top I had been wanting to go with for a long time. However, he used a cattle prod on me, among other things. Although I was very turned on at the time (and I was also on acid), I have been limping ever since, because my leg and butt muscles feel like they are knotted into one great mass. I also have a few marks on my skin that look like bruises. I suppose by the time you get this, answer it, and it gets published (if it ever does), I'll either be over it, or in the hospital. The problem is, I don't have a doctor I can go to and tell him what really happened, so I'm in a terrible dilemma. Can you tell me what injuries I might have sustained, and whether it is something I should have taken care of? If you'd drop me a quick note, I'd appreciate it. Then go ahead and answer my question in Drummer *if you want.*

Sore in Dallas

Dear Sore,
Again noting that I am not a doctor, hence only able to give advice on the basis of my own and other people's shared experiences, let me make a couple of comments on cattle prods in general, then try to relate to your experience. Although I am sure the people who make cattle prods know full well that they are not all going to be used on cows, the devices are still produced as if solely for that purpose. The hide of a cow is akin to a thick steel plate, whereas yours is closer to tissue paper. If a cattle prod with more than three batteries (usually "C" cells) is used on a human, there is always the risk of either burning the skin or muscle tissue, or else causing the muscle to cramp. If the subject is restrained too tightly, he is unable to relieve the cramp by straightening out his leg, or whatever part of his anatomy is involved. There is also a bruising effect from too high a charge. There is also the possibility of either dislocating a joint or tearing a ligament when the play gets too heavy.

The chances are, in your case, that you're suffering from the same effect as if you had overdone it in the gym (too many squats, with too heavy a weight). If you are not well on the mend by the time you get my note, however, I would definitely have it checked out. Whatever embarassment you feel in confessing your "sins" to the doctor is going to be far less than living the rest of your life with a fucked-up leg. And next time, skip the acid or anything else that is going to blunt your pain reactions. If you can't respond to the stress, your Top is not properly warned that he is going too far.

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DRUMMER GETTING GUIDE 82

SUPPLEMENT TO ISSUE 59

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This new latex cock harness from The Pleasure Chest keeps it up front, erect and handy. Straps adjust to size and prevent its sticking out. Prevents playing with it and makes posing without permission difficult. Water proof, with leatherette back. About $40. What a gift!

GIVE IT TO HIM

TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S NEW IN THE LEATHER WORLD

There are many exciting things happening to an old theme all over the country, indeed the entire world. From Brussels comes amazing new latex (rubber) products that look like leather but are more durable and have a different appeal. From Canada we have daring new designs from a craftsman who has been indicted by the government for creating such items. Much of the world-scouring has been done by Robert Bartalo of the Pleasure Chest who has come back to Hollywood with a treasure Pleasure Chest full of goodies. In this special DRUMMER supplement we present at the time for giving some suggestions in what's new and best in the world of leather.

A slave's collar that looks like a '58 Buick. More studs and chrome than any we've seen. Beautifully made of heavy cowhide with leash ring. Solid. Contact Kings Men, Ltd., Cambridge, Mass.

(Across the top) For making house calls, the lightweight, portable sling from The Hide House in Minneapolis is perfect. A removable head rest puts the user's head in position for service and total access from the front. Our participants are wearing and/or using Wrist/Ankle restraints made of nylon or leather the latter for easy cleanup, varying in width from 1 ½" to 3" and priced from $45 to $70 a pair

(Below, left) From the exceptional RAW Graphics collection of outrageous cards is this Jim Wigler photo of a leather kiss. Available in liberal card shops at 8 for $9. (Lower right) A leather-look rubber (latex) collar for perfect posture and which fits all is $25 at the Pleasure Chest. Simple, durable and has a ring for proper guidance

SOME MORE EXAMPLES OF THE NEW USES FOR LATEX. Here is a Corselet that laces up for rigid control. The cockring and additional belt with butt plug add $24 to the $65 cost

(Next page, upper left) Black or transparent latex brief lets it all hang or stick out and is available for $25 in the Pleasure Chest Itex collection.

(Opposite page top) A full Latex brief with cockring to let it out for air. In Black or transparent in three sizes. $40. Pleasure Chest, L.A.

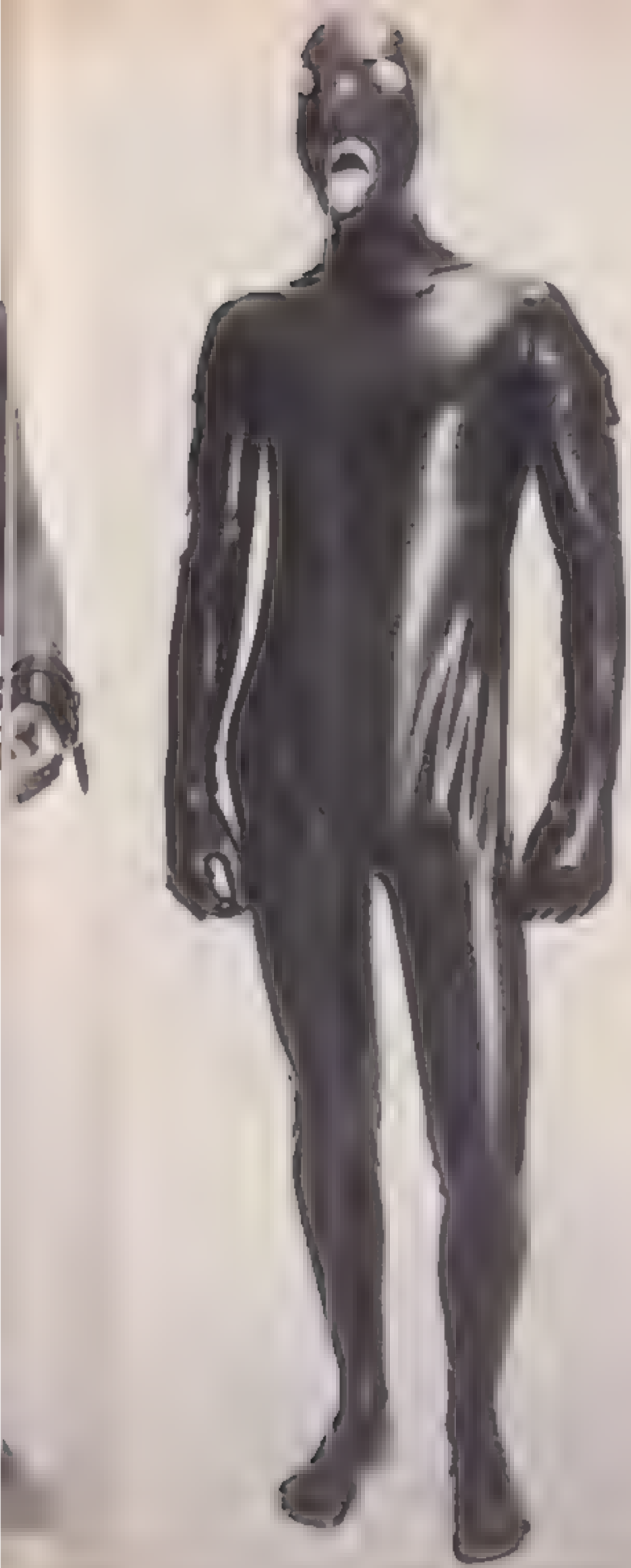
(Right) Luke Daniel wears a custom fitted pair of chaps by The Leathermaker in Los Angeles. These boast a black outside zipper. A buck gets you more details and an order form for these Super Chaps.

(Bottom Right) Tufted, hollow-fill, insulated black leather jacket $325. Sizes 36-42. Full grain cowhide pants with seamless leg, snap or zipper front, all sizes to 36 waist $275. From The Leather Man in New York.

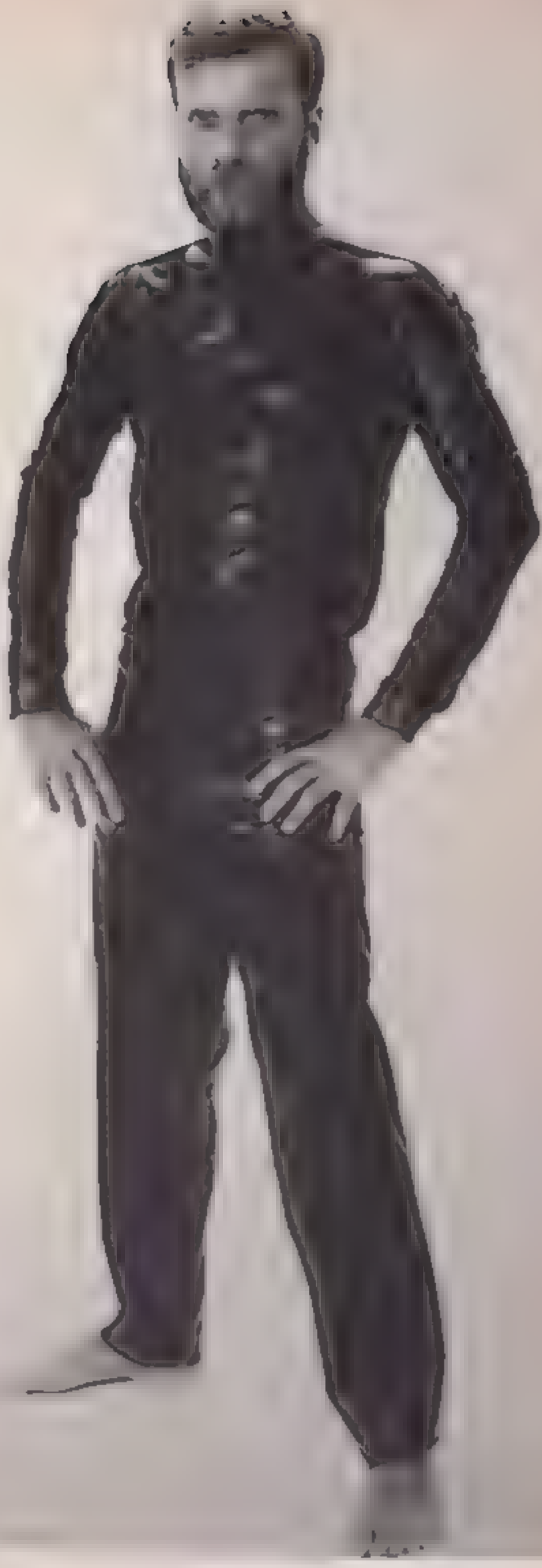
(Above) Jump Suit in black cere by Mr S. Worn open or zipped, excellent for discoing or anywhere one wears a jump suit. Body hugging. About $40

(Right) Leather posing harness with zipper crotch piece by Dungeon Works of Houston

(Left) Latex Full Tank Corset, crotchless and seatless. Fits like your skin in both black and transparent latex. Around $50

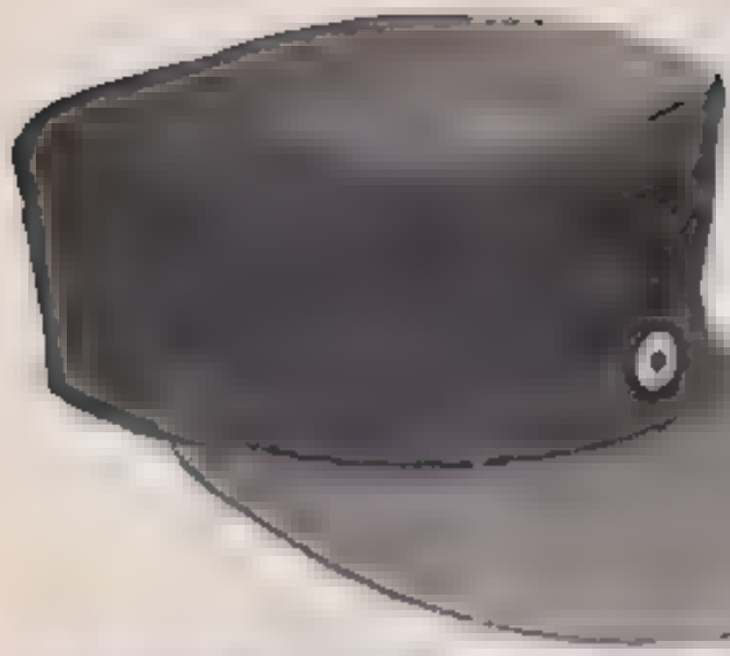


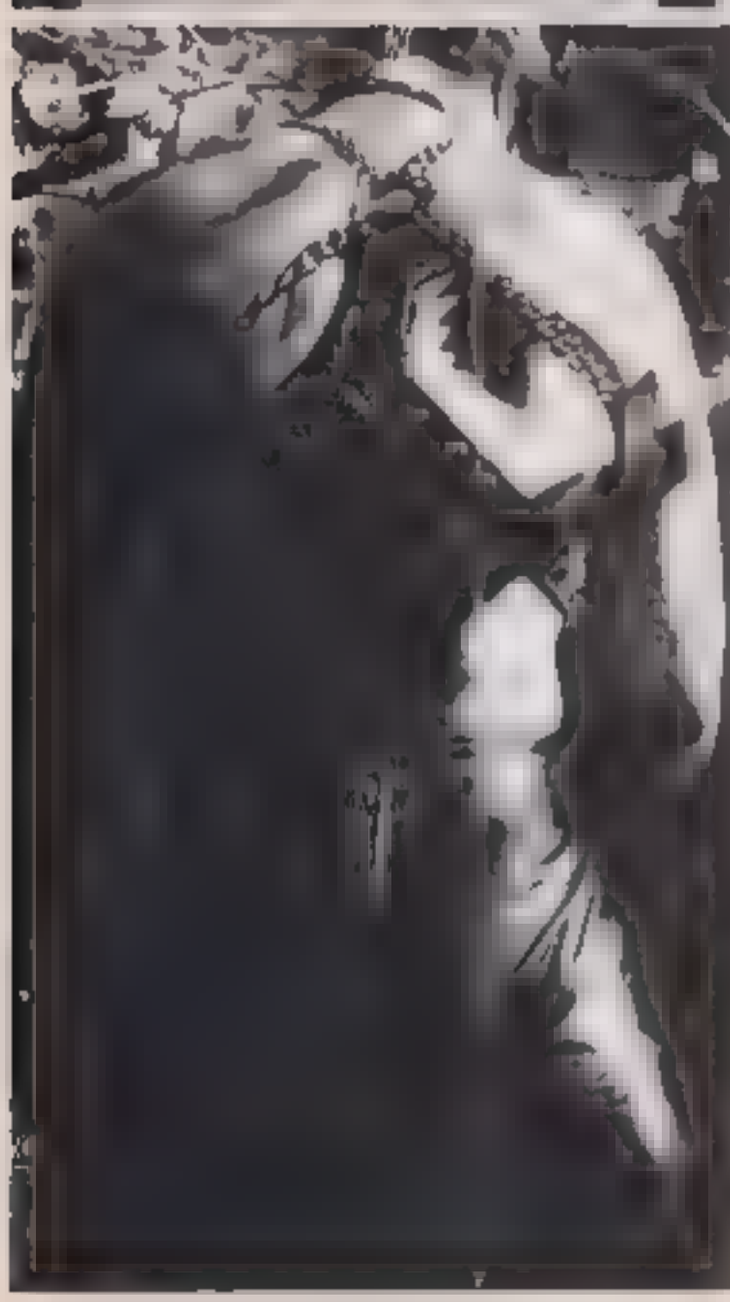
Full body harness with chrome hardware that is completely adjustable. Looks like leather but subject can be as wet as you wish. $78 Pleasure Chest



Full latex suit with feet, sleeves, hood and gloves. Eye, mouth and nose openings only which is all he needs. In black naturally. Entire ensemble $355

Latex Turtleneck and pants with the unmistakable feel of rubber. Top $75, Bottom $175. Everything on these two pages is from The Pleasure Chest

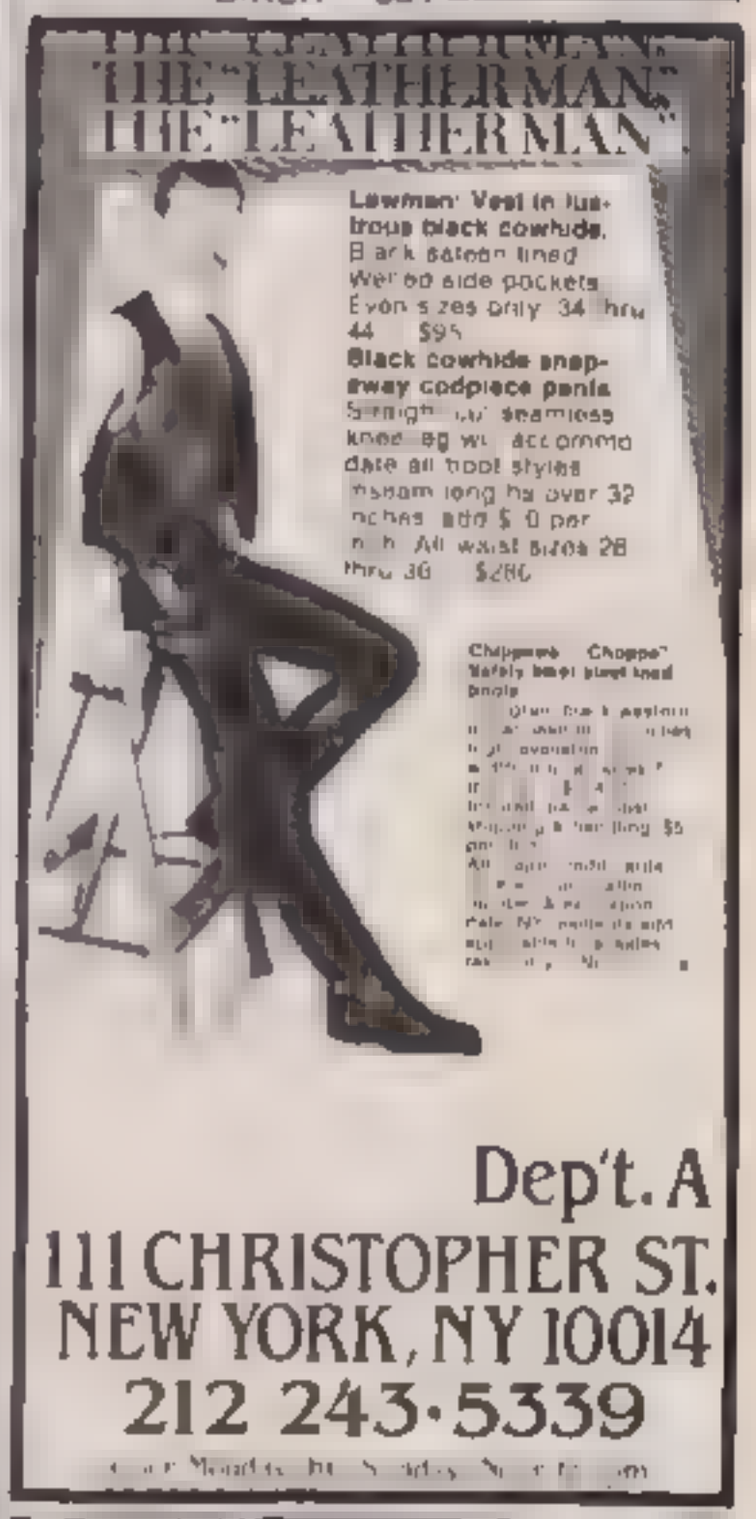




(Upper left corner) Afrika-Korp cap from Germany. In khaki manmufactured by a former Rommel officer From Brall International. $18.95

(Below) 'Hun' T-shirt, "Beatin' Meat signed by the artist. $10 from The Shop at The Stud and The Pits in Los Angeles

(Below and above) Upper Body Harness from Mr. S. San Francisco. Lower band can be worn up tight or as shown. Studded and chains. $65. Matching studded collar/arm band 11 50. Continuous zipper pants are $275, custom only



(Above) Another Mr. S super harness. The Flash Gordon is custom and about $185 depending on what you want on it. The padded jock is $50. Chaps are custom at Mr. S.

(Right) Locked Cock Ring imported from Fetters N.Y. London, available from Pleasure Chest Hollywood. Modeled after 15th century English shackles.

Latex basic brief in transparent and black. You furnish yor own hard-on. In small, medium and large at The Pleasure Chest Hollywood. $2.5

Latex Brief with Penis Sheath in black and transparent heavy-gauge latex. Three sizes, s-m-l, sheath accomodates most all sizes. Pleasure Chest

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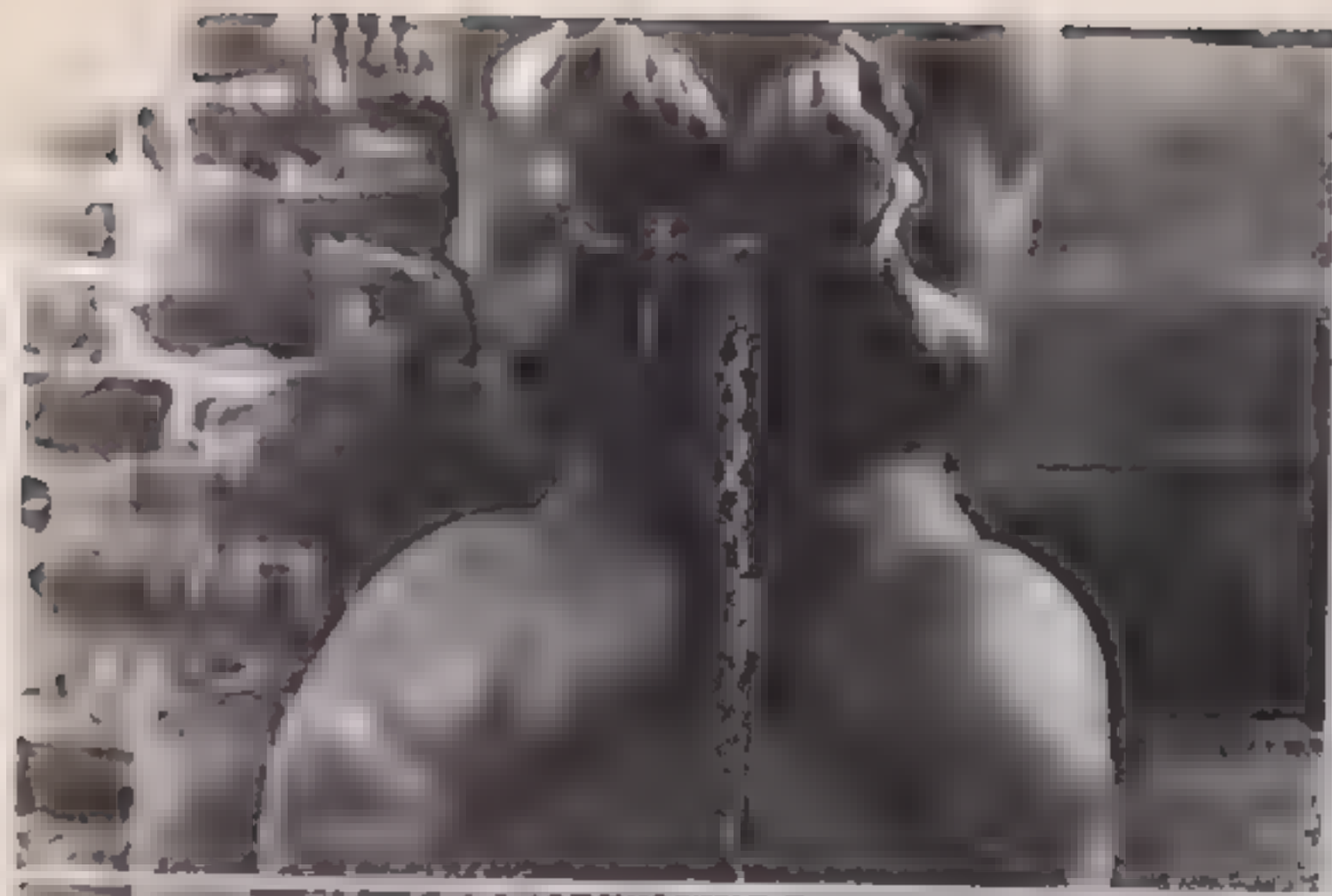
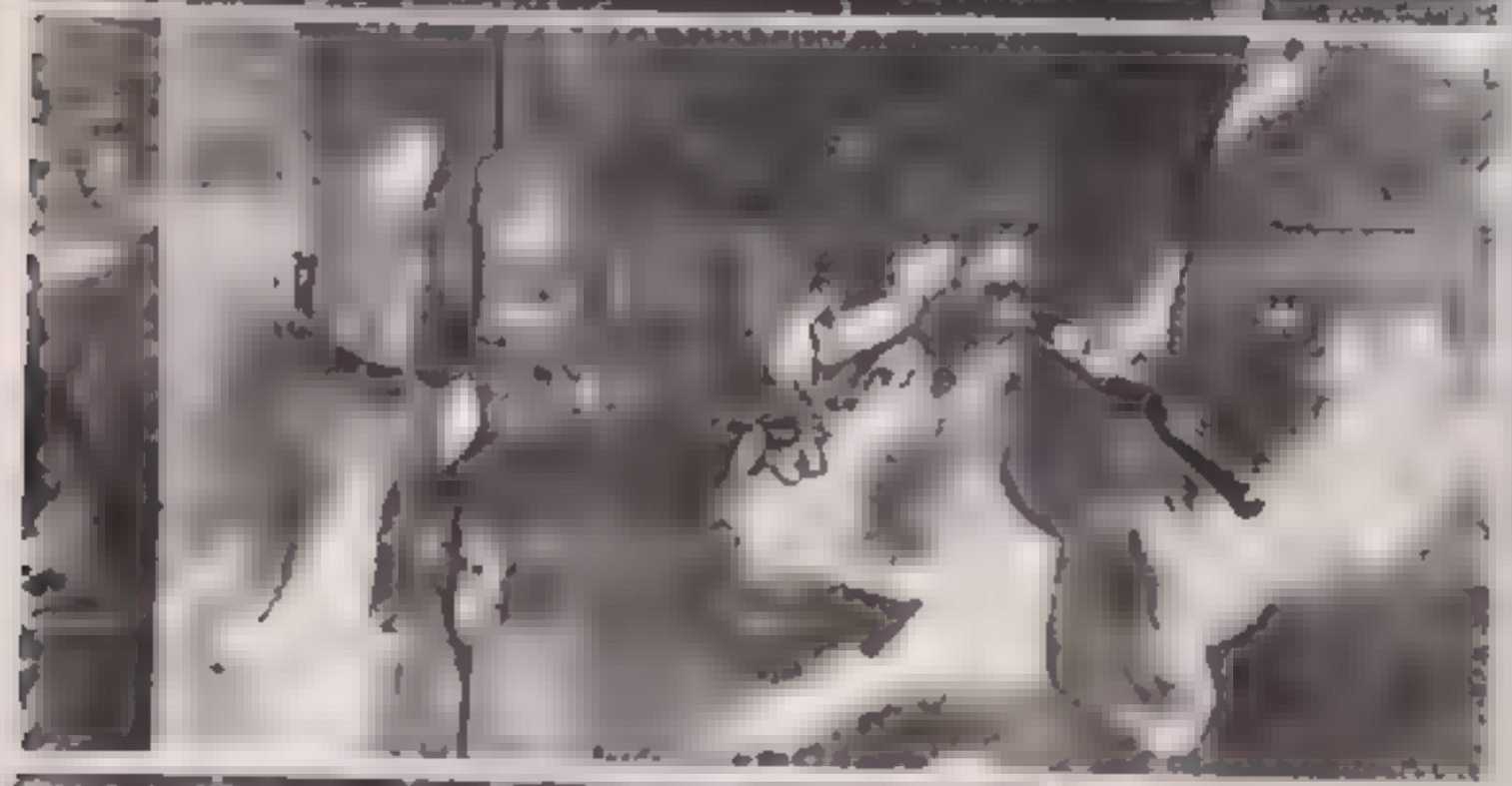
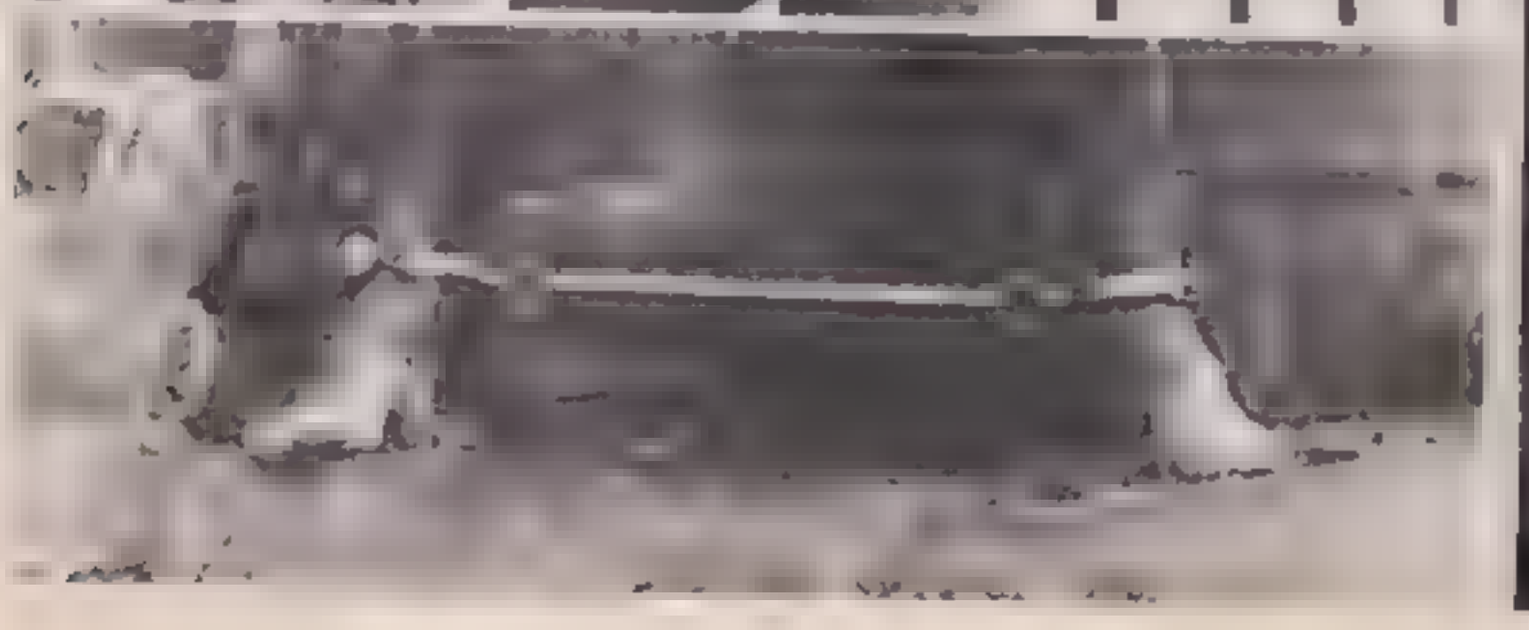
(Right) English replicas of 15th Century bondage devices high quality chromed, or non-chromed. Crafted by Fetters, an authority in late Mediaeval fabrication of this type of restraints. A must for any dungeon. From Fetters of London & New York, and The Pleasure Chest, Los Angeles







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A FULL-COLOR FULL-VIEW SET OF TWELVE MOUTH-WATERING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS YOUNG MAN BEING TOLD TO PULL HIS UNDERPANTS DOWN AS HE SUBMITS TO HIS FIRST ENEMA.

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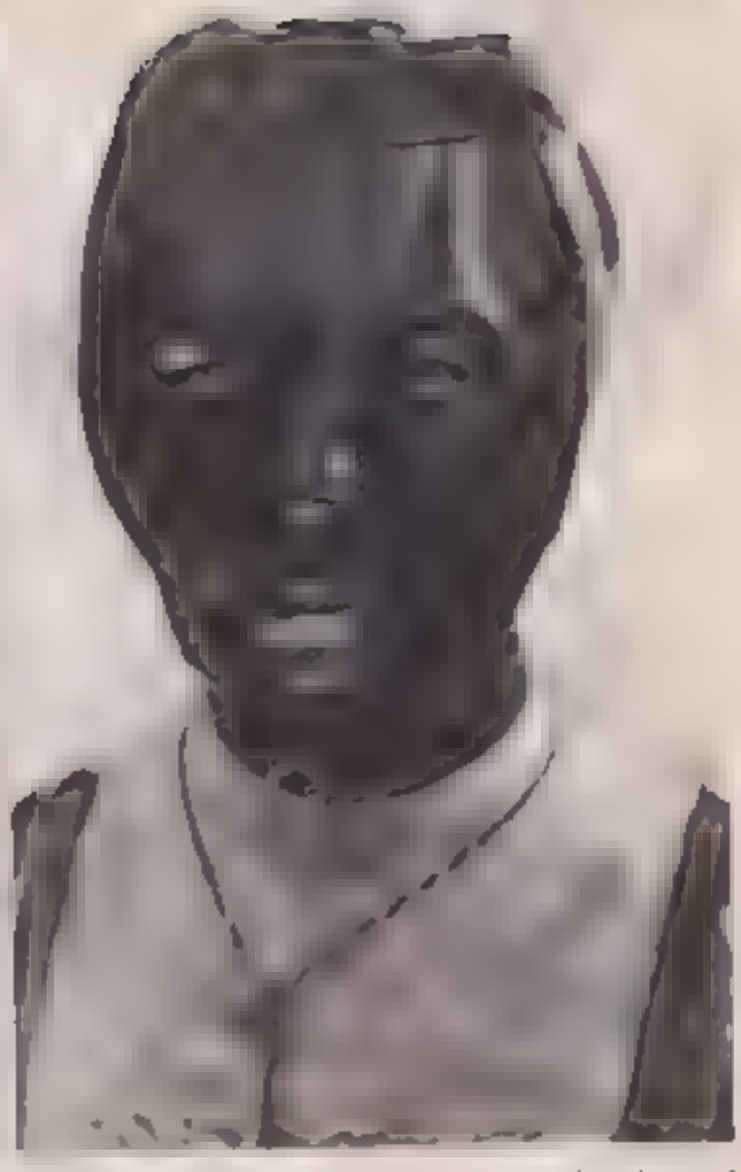
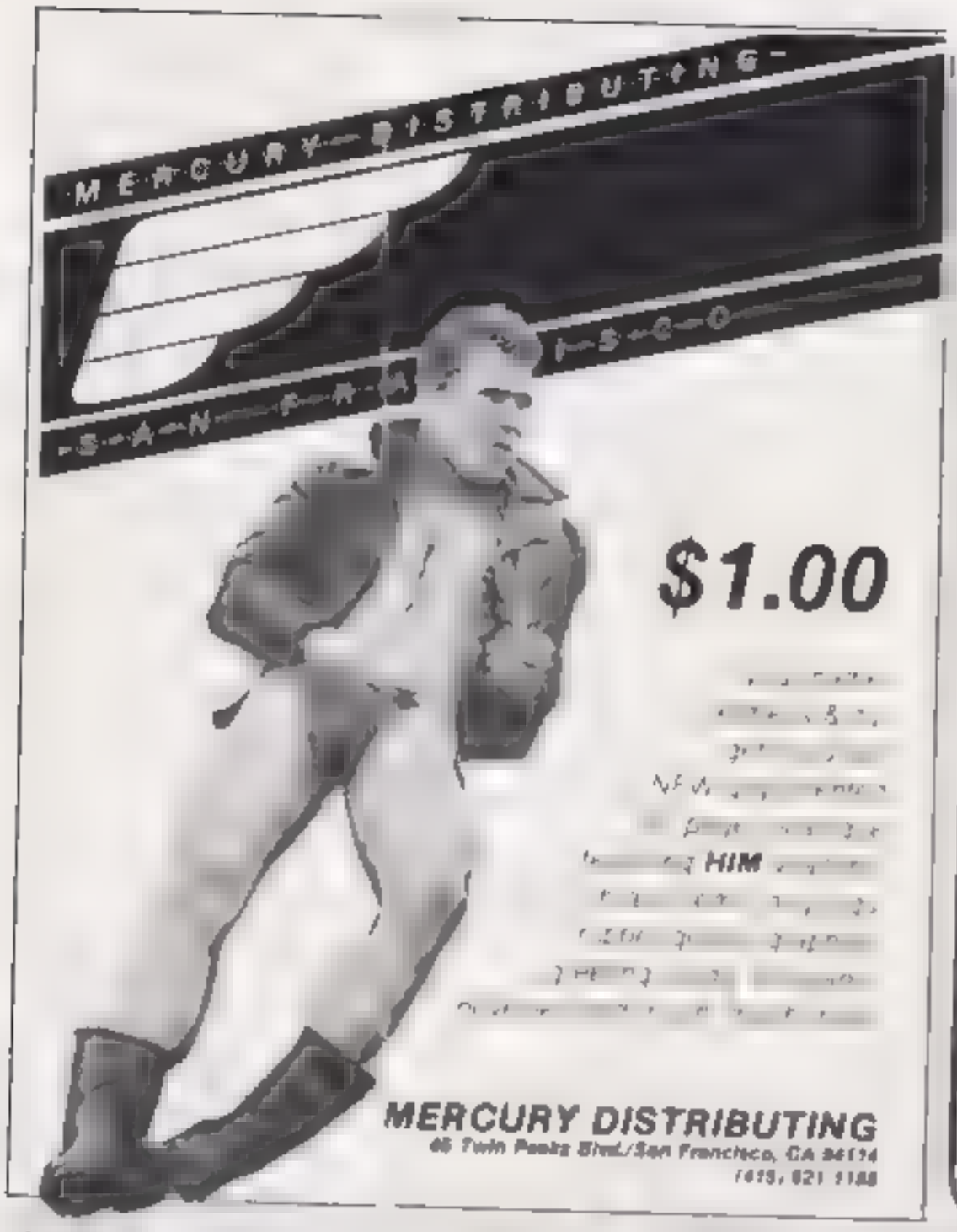


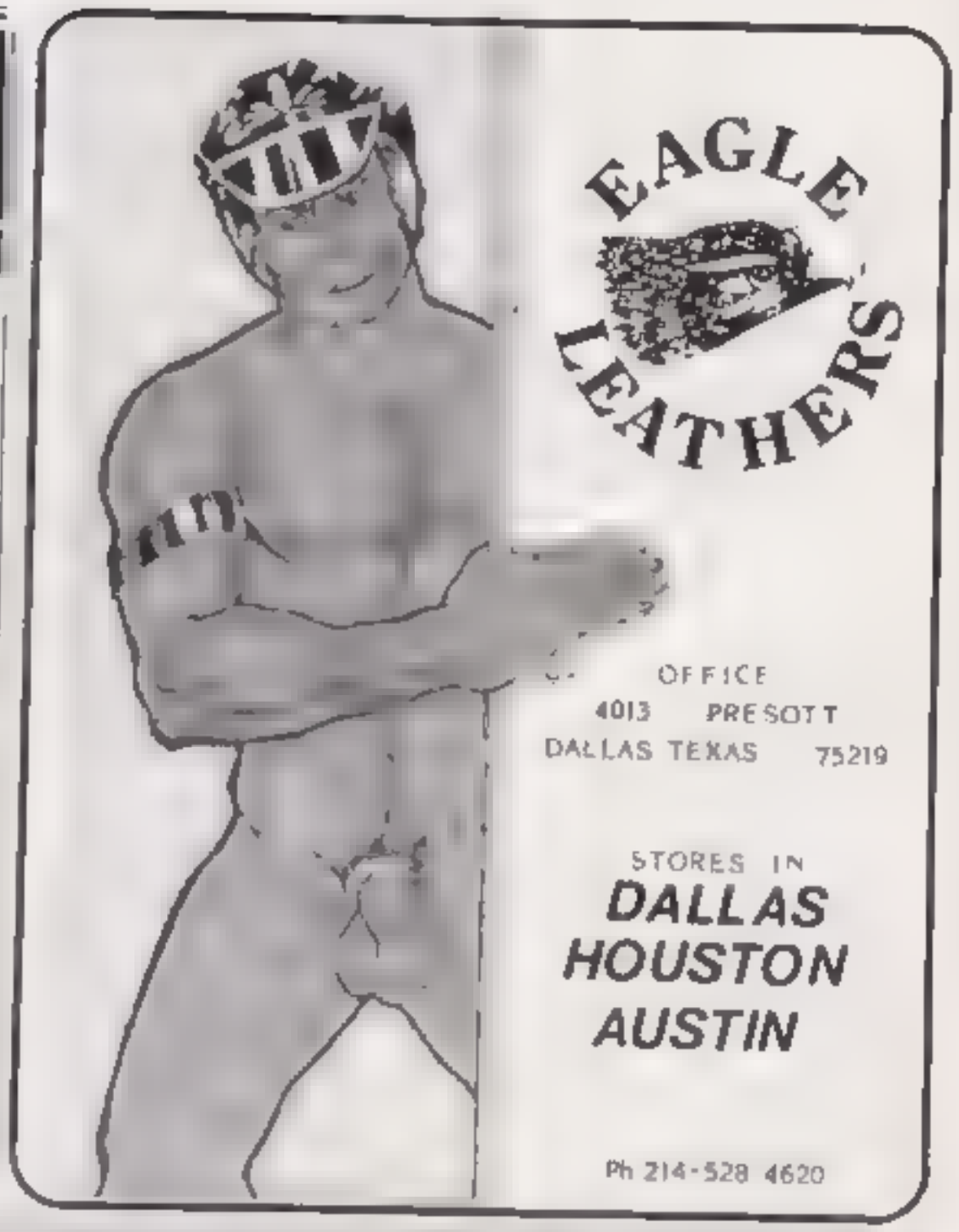
(Above top) The hood on the left is made of heavy cowhide with a strong buckle collar from Dungeon Works of Houston ($185). The hood on the right is a softer leather with an open back and flap from Millard Ross Custom Leathers of San Francisco ($68)

(Bottom) Latex hood from the Pleasure Chest, Los Angeles. The leather overalls are glove quality leather and can be obtained from Dungeon Works, Houston

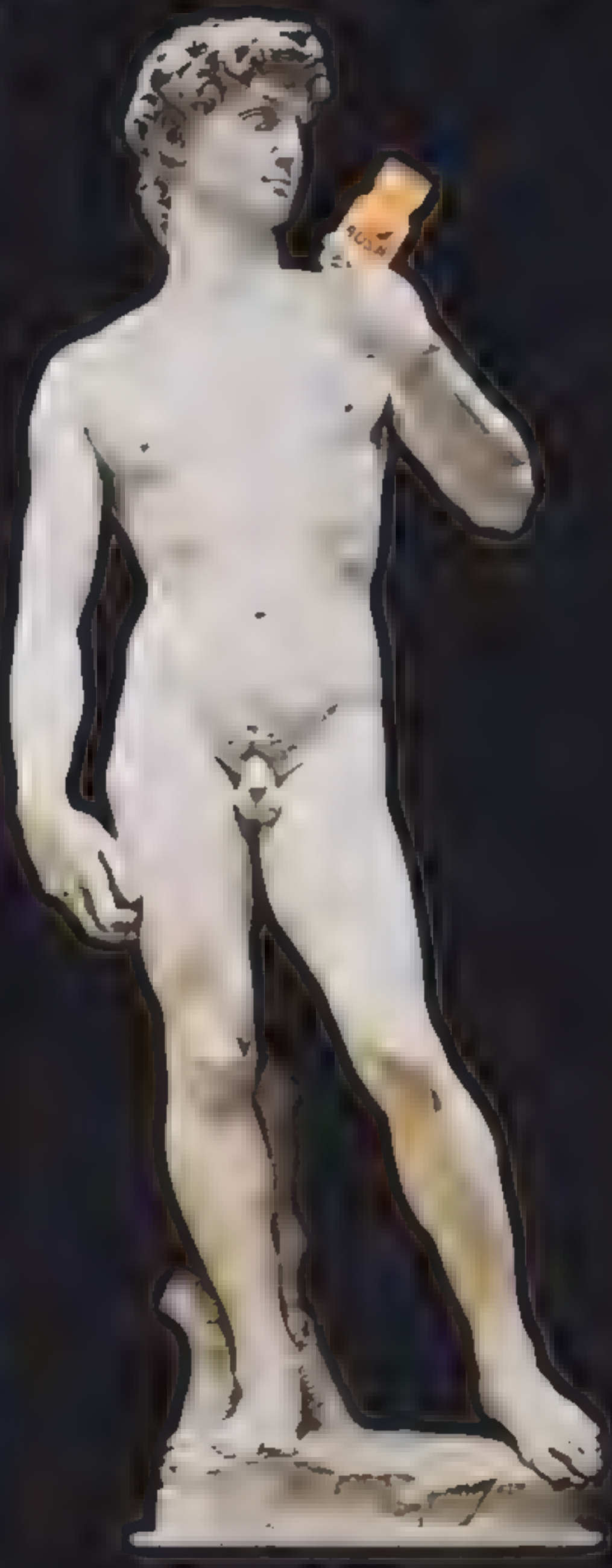
(Next Page) Three entries designed and executed by Montgomery Leathers in Canada. You'll have to contact them for prices since most of their excellect designs are custom. Top strap is heavier leather with a lock All three are provocative and beautifully crafted

Two Leather Jock Straps that are classics. Both from The Leather Man in New York. Specify 1", 2" or 3" waist band, with or without front zipper and/or snaps. Priced around $40 to $45 depending on how you want it. Tell them your waist size, of course





TWO GREAT ORIGINALS



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FRENCH CHUBBY

[illegible]

FIND YOUR MAN HERE!

ALASKA

GOODLOOKING LATIN

[illegible] seeks [illegible] white [illegible] Send [illegible] Box 4309 Anchorage, AK [illegible]

ARIZONA

USE MY SLAVES HOT HOLE

[illegible] slave [illegible] hot [illegible] head [illegible] you [illegible]

WANTED CIGAR SMOKING MEAN MASTER

[illegible]

NICE LOOKING WHITE MALE

[illegible]

GENTLE LEATHER LOVER

[illegible]

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this [illegible] total bondage get- [illegible] from you I demand. S&M [illegible] and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available [illegible] Box 8

LEATHER SEX MASTER

[illegible] S&M [illegible] Box 1583

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER BIKER TOP WANTED

[illegible] heavy leather [illegible] Box [illegible] No [illegible]

PRIME CONTACT

[illegible]

MASCULINE STUD WANTED

[illegible]

GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN

Castro Valley S 38 6', 160 lbs goodlooking Leatherman seeks M for Leather Action, obedience outdoor-bike scenes, bondage (415) 582 1162 or reply Box 1582

NEW RECRUIT

San Francisco 27, WM 5'9" 158 lbs. beard. Needs to learn how to achieve what have been only fantasies, an [illegible] cash [illegible] to an experienced [illegible] so experienced Master and his slave would be a great start on this journey. [illegible] deserve to be humiliated [illegible] my experience which will only intensify my need to serve. Box 1683

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

SF — SAN JOSE

Good looking Asian seeks WM leather man, 35 to 45, moustache, short, slim [illegible] No drugs. Leatherman only [illegible] Box [illegible]

ATTENTION FIGHTING MEN

[illegible] 185 [illegible]

ARMY SERGEANT

[illegible] & a phone number &/or address for response to Box A98 (c/o Drummer) or 470 Castro Street, Ste 207-3025, SF 94114.

CASTRATION

Seeks info from MD other on effect of castration on mature male. Also exchange accounts, history, fiction etc. Box 3020.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy [illegible] the rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in a envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Affix proper postage on the envelope. Include 25¢ for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

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My ad is ____ words @ ☐ 35¢ DRUMMER ☐ 50¢ both DRUMMER & MANIFEST. I am enclosing $_____ Now, get busy!

BOOTS
THE TALLER THE BETTER
San Francisco. This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and me. Have this insatiable desire for boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them esp black engineer and longer boots—taller the better. I'm 31 and good looking honest. If you're man enough and serious enough to get down with my boots or make me get down with yours drop me a line Box 1504

MASC. BI W/M WANTS SAME
Box 722 Campbell CA 95009

HOT— HEAT— QUEER
36, 6', 185 lbs. w/m 6" cut Your queer slave worships leather shit heat in sick scenes for your pleasure Train me to be *your* Queer Limited travel Bi 1359 Highway 70 Oroville CA 95965

WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE
By 45 year old Master Absolutely no limits honored Must include photo & phone. Novices considered Must relocate to Marin Co CA Box 2042

4H, MASCULINE BOXER SHORTS
Masculine, wants same P O Box 70761 Sunnyvale, CA 94086

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS
W M 27, 5'4", small endowed, 150# and losing looking for youthful looking types who are into pure tenderness and gentleness. I love that kind of action— do you? Please write and include SASE w/pic likes dislikes stats hobbies to T P G Box 4396 M View CA 94040 Ages 18-36 No pain drugs. Hairy and slender types

DADDY'S BOY 21
Looking for Big Daddys w/beards whos into uniforms leather cigars. I'm 21 5'9" #125 brn/green. (See issue #56 Tough Customers) Barry (415) 775-6165 P O Box 4244 S F, CA 94101

HOSTAGE AVAILABLE
Clean cut handsome young diplomat could be captured and held hostage sexually tortured, by fanatic Iranian Photo and phone gets same Box 2034

COP SUCKER
Pull on your skintight black leather police gloves, light up a cigar kick back and let me work on your cop crotch. boots gloves, uniform and gear Jim, Box 3319 (415) 673-1284 Best after 10pm

WRITER SEEKS YOUNG MAN
with his head together I am basically dominant and am looking for a permanent relationship Roles are not important. I have been Master to a slave Daddy to a son and just honest sex No relationship can be built in a bed or black room If you are serious, contact me I can be very versatile Frank (415) 861 3183

TOUGH HORSEMAN B SEXUAL
6'2" 175, 28, rawhide cowboy w/horse into brawling and stunts would like to meet same with horse/s age 20-30 for riding packing, and outdoor action Have trailer will travel Photo exchange No kink Box 3334

HOT LOVER WANTED
Don Box 421196, S F CA 94142

DOM NANT BODYBUILDER
32 5'8" 160 lbs 29" waist 40" chest sadistic but sane into intense testicle pressure, bondage titwork and unusual equipment If you are a bodybuilder with a high pain threshhold and a sense of adventure, call Don (415) 864-5566 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8pm only

MILITARY MEN
I want to make contact with men currently in the military (USMC especially) Tops, bottoms, buddies Write Rick P O 3291 S F CA 94119

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER
SM C&BT To tie and chew on Don't forget T/T Versatile Your photo gets mine All answered Box 3442

TWO LEATHERMEN S.F
B/m top W/m bottom wants to meet others into light/heavy action Letter and photo gets same Box 3368

SF— ORAL EXPERT C B T/A
Hungry, uncut Needs insatiable buddy over 30 Box 3370

BALLET DANCERS
want to meet cute young guys who enjoy wearing ballet tights Am w/m 33 5'10" 145 lbs Sim smooth sensuous into many scenes and fantasies Box 3369

[illegible]
W/m, 59, suspends wayward sons (18+ any race by heels for appropriate discipline SF Bay Area Box 3372

G/L W MALE, 29
6 150 into B D would like to hear from other G/L guys 21-45 into same & switching roles. Send photo & letter to Box 3379

DADDY'S BOY/LOVER
My name is Chuck and I'm looking for a Daddy/Lover who is 30 to 40 years old a man who has the maturity confidence and desire to take over a son I need a man who can teach me obedience and respect while he is always aware of my needs This special man must be able to generate my boyish love I'm 31 5'7", 130 lbs I am good-looking and have a hot, trim body (see photo under Tough Customers in *Drummer* #57) which needs to be fulfilled by a Daddy You must be hot looking and have your head together Please send letter and recent photo to Box 3263

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER $1 VERIFICATION!

TALL LEATHERMEN
Hot tall leatherman 39 6'3" 190 wants to get it on with other hot looking tall leathermen Box 3359

W M 54, TRIM, GRAY
Endowed, virile, versatile, loving— invites Black or white males of same stripe to send contact info to Will Box 163, 44 Monterey Bl S F CA 94131

SERIOUS MASTERS & SLAVES
Applications available for masters and boys for secluded and extensive training in S&M as it should be lived. Write now for your application and tell us why you should be sent one Serious only P O Box 2371 San Francisco, CA 94126

EXTRA HUNG
Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told "it's too big" and you know that it's a whopper. If you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs, ex-porno actor, hunky, gdlky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109

BEARDED W/M CARPENTER
30, 5'10", 175#, wants w/m bears with big balls, big bellies, and big asses. Affectionate and playfull, into most scenes except drugs and scat. Heavy ball work and licking a plus. Photo gets mine in return. Skinny sissys need not apply. 555 Clayton #28, S.F. 94117, 621-1770.

BEER BELLIED
Or fat blond men for perm relationship with handsome 32 year old. Send pix, phone # to Box 3408

HOT, HUNKY, HUNG BROTHER" SOUGHT
For incestuous seduction by handsome w/m 6'3", 34. You've never had head this exciting. Photo gets photo. Box 3400

MY HOT SLIM LINGERIE
Clad or naked body is yours to tie, suspend, whip, clamp tits, weight C&B, use hot wax, etc. and/or penetrate and expand ass as you desire. Do not want a master but someone who enjoys giving as I enjoy receiving. I want to expand my limits etc. and be FF by small fist as my ass is tight. I'm W/m. Grp with shaven body. Box 6285, San Francisco, CA 94101

GDLKG PROF G/W M
31, straight appearing, seeks sincere honest, fun attractive hot men. Letter and picture to R.W.J. 5722 Carne Lane, Sacramento, CA 95841. Thanks

WRESTLERS— BODYBUILDERS
W/M 5'6", 145, into wrestling, sweat, armpits, oil, p/o, muscle worship. Big pecs & biceps and seek guys into flexing. Especially like small guys, blacks & orientals. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

GR A HUSBAND WANTED
By a Grp, male housewife' type. You work— I cook, clean— we share expenses. I am retired, 51, 6', bin/blu. I will relocate. Tim, Box 15367, Sacramento, CA 95851

HOT FORESTER
Yreka area. W/M, 41, 5'8", 175 seeks other discreet and horny males for mutual exploration, good times and downright sex. Versatile, into leather and most scenes. Will travel. Reply explicitly. Box 3426

FRESNO DADDY
42, 6', 175 seeks small, smooth, young bottoms into variety of experiences. Light S/M, WS, B/D. Verbal trips. Novice OK. Photo-phone. Box 3417

SAINT PRIAPUS CHURCH
583 Grove, SF 94102 415-431-2188 Spiritual, sexual, social fulfilment. Phallic adoration, jack-off parties Wednesdays 2PM, Fridays 11PM NOS. Phallic wreship news letter. Erotic art, religious erotic, sex news. Send $1 for sample copy. Economy phone sex, call for details. Free blow jobs by appointment

BONDAGE AS A WAY OF LIFE
DEDICATED BONDAGE SLAVE NEEDS BONDAGE MASTER who is serious about the ownership and control of all functions of bondage slave with cages, ventilated burial, suspension, immobilization, mummification, isolation, sensory deprivation, and manipulation using leather, steel, rubber, plastic, rope, hoods, gags. Slave is professional male— 40, 145, 5'10"— San Francisco. Box 3428

TOUGH LATIN WEIGHTLIFTER
Wants to get you "musclemen" and no others in complete bondage to tie your balls and cock after bounding your tits and slowly make you come, whip your ass and rippled stomach until you come again. If you are "it" reply to PO Box 5401 Oakland, CA 94605. Send a photo if handy

DAD WANTS YOUNG BB
Successful exec comp BB, 35, living in S.F. seeks relationship w/yng. masc BB 18-25. Photo & phone # to Box 1753 B[illegible]

DAD WANTS YOUNG BODYBUILDER
Successful executive, amateur bodybuilder (BB) 36. Living in S.F. near Nautilus gym seeks relationship with young BB 18+. Photo please to: Jim D[illegible]ke, P.O. Box 99683, San Francisco, CA 94109

MALE ANIMAL
5'10", 130 lbs, 45, mustache, experimental, intelligent, faithful. Enjoy being taken charge of. Looking for a relationship with an equal or superior. Most scenes light to heavy inc anal, tit, genital work, leather, metal, rope bondage, suspension, encasement. Can travel. Take me into it. Photo, letter gets same. Box 3405

WHITE MALE SLAVE
28, 6', 165 lbs, seeks muscular dominant, clean dad master. Discipline essential. Wooden paddlings/spankings, whippings. Also cock sucking, ass licking, piss drinking, bondage, shaving, boot/foot licking, toys. No FF, scat, piercing, branding. Sir Please send your photo, phone and instructions. 1550 California St., Suite 6218, San Francisco, CA 94109

DOM NATE TOPMAN
Wants obedient bottom. I am WM 38, 5'10", 167 lbs., bearded, moustache, bald on top. You must have physical grace, mental agility & emotional stability for a mutually satisfying, enduring relationship. A strong active imagination & curiosity. *No drugs.* Letter and photo. Gary, P.O. Box 773, Petaluma, CA 94953

SACRAMENTO W/S ACTION
W/m, 35, Box 22081, Sacto 95822

CUTE YOUNG ASS
Squirming on big dildo. A/p gdlkg 29, 470 Castro #3381, SF 94114

ATTRACTIVE GAY MALE
Young 40s, easily pass for 30s, brn hair/eyes, moustache, Pisces, into video movies, in scientific mgmt— nto meeting younger, masculine, attractive males 21-40 for friendship and action, very versatile, with possibility of serious long relationship. Your picture gets mine.
Box [illegible]
Cupertino, CA 95014
I need and have lots of T.L.C. to give. So Bay area

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COMMANDING OFFICER
Seeks 'A Few Good M's' for S&M B&D etc., gentle to harsh. Be very boyish submissive novice or trained. All disciplines. Sons/slaves get exactly the fucking-over they need from 'The Colonel' (Bay Area Dad Masters welcome too.) (415/593-9001 Box 905 Redwood City CA 94064.

LONELY X-ARMY ASIA
Age 26, 5'7" seeks g/w/m or Asian for friend. Write Victor Toh, 2262A Mrkt St. S.F. CA 94114 or call (415) 558-9191

SLAVE
W/M 32 needs [illegible] severe punishment. [illegible] work to give its life meaning. Interested in training/owning this punk? Call (415) 325-7174. Could relocate for permanent service. Sir!

HOT BOTTOM
WM 30, 5'8", 150 lbs. Hungry hole needs hot fist action from experienced top who can punch my hole and make it happy. Also want to meet owners of horses and large dogs. Box 3436

SOME PEOPLE SAY
That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM 40 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441

WHITE MALE 30
5'11" 180 lb goodlooking needs "help" in finding a new start on life. Willing to do almost anything. Need job & housing San Francisco area. Have traveled. Into art & music. Lived in California want to go back. Interested write 4 High Point Road, East Brunswick, New Jersey (or) call days only 254-8473 "Help me!"

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FATHER NEEDS SON
W/M 39 6'8" 240 masc. You 18-25. Photo & letter telling all about yourself. Gary P.O. Box 1257 National City CA [illegible]

USED JOCKS SHORTS
From heavily hung studs. For more information send SASE to Box 5191 E. Monte CA 91734

BIG FAT PIG
Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog - 30 6'4" 300+ lbs. — seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced overgrown pig! Write Box 3179

SLAVE DANNY
Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213) 846-9486

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE FIRST!

MUSCLES & PECS
Very muscular BB, 39 seeks other BB jocks for wild times & hot tit work. Have great bod & big pecs. You should too! Box 3311

SAN DIEGO BOOTLICKING SLAVE
WM 22 needs master in leather or levis to worship right down to his boots. Must be able to train this novice slave & expand my limits. Will relocate for right master. Box 3330

LA MASTER/DADDY
WM 46 5'11" 175 lbs full beard looking for son/slave into all scenes who is stable and knows what it's about and where it's at. Reply to Box 3333

ATTR W M 27
Sks imaginative men (25-45) into hot kinky scenes. Grp but 2 3 4 etc ways OK!! Send pix, ideas, interests j/o tlrs to Greg Box 5575, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

TOTAL BONDAGE SLAVE
Hot, 28, goodlooking bondage slave-dog needs serious bondage master for total control. Slave will submit to all restraints, medium to heavy. Travel. Boxholder, P.O. Box 29444, Los Angeles CA 90092

EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS!

TITILLATING TEDDY BEAR
Devours 21-40 yr old athletic bit men only. I'm hairy 6' 35 230# cut masc & fun. Enjoy action, people, windsurf, bicycling, affection, dancing, theater etc. L.A. & Orange Counties. BLue 195 Claremont #123DM Long Beach, CA 90803

MASTER 42 SEEKS SLAVE
Under 35. No brutality, no fantasy and no bullshit. Slave will serve Master period. Permanent and live-in. Zak (213) 763-5852

BEARDED, LATE 30'S
6'3", 205 lbs. 8". Tom of Finland-like ALL-LEATHER Daddy wants guys similarly endowed who are into black leather jackets and chaps, 501 Levis, shiny engineers and macho-fantasy attitude. If you get into a lather over leather— write! Box 3364

LOS ANGELES W/M
47 6' 180 lbs HAS OPEN HOLE, needs heavy Dildo and ENEMA ACTION. CAN BE MUTUAL. Box 3366

LOS ANGELES HANDBALLERS
Seeking hot buddies into multiple fisting action. W/M 5'9", 150#, 26, dark hair moustache seeks strong, together mag native men into evil leather dildoes, drugs, deep arms and uninhibited ass action, mutual pleasure. Let's open them both up. Photo/phone answered first. Box 3365.

HOT 27, WM 6'2
Blonde Leatherman wants to meet other young men who dig, feel, and smell of leather (must own leather). I like cruising bars, dancing dressed in leather and having good times. No smokers preferred. (714) 636-3495. No j/o calls please

LUVPEACESEX FROM BUDDY AND MATTHEW!

LOS ANGELES HOT W/M
30 5'9" 160. TOP into C/B/T Bondage. Shave, weights, Piercing, Whippings. No Turn back, No Babies. Fats or Fems, send recent Foto and Phone. Box 3367

CREATIVE SEX, HOLLYWOOD
W/m hunky breaded 42 5'7" 165 11 LA, ws. Creative sex. Let's not worry over top or bottom. If your head is in the same place, drop a line and picture if possible. Also phone and your creative ideas. Box 3375

IRANIAN, ARABIC, SPANISH, MEXICAN
Tough white Italian stallion wants to wrestle or fight to see who rides who's ass! 6'10½", 28, BB, sandy hair, brn eyes, 165 lbs, muscular & dominant. Lets see how tough you dudes are! Winner rides the beaten stallions ass. Looser is no more than a girl! P.O. Box 11624 Ft. Lauderdale FL 33308

HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M
6'1", 27 years, 175 lbs. 8" athletic. Needs to be trained and dominated, taught how to serve by hard experienced master. Leather cowboy, evil etc. Genuine only. Photo. Box 3040

COCK/BALL TORTURE
LA stud 6'/165 sks master for S/M & torture of long thick uncut C/B's. Box [illegible]

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER $1 VERIFICATION!

MIDGETS DWARFS
W/M 32 5'2" 160 FF Bottom wants compact top man to give me your all. Box 3346

WHERE'S POWAY?
Lkng for friends & fun in N Cnty. W/m 26 5'7" 135# hot hard & uncut into hot action, fun & friendship. Charlie 14226 Match Point Dr. Poway CA 92064

BIG TIT ASIAN!
Los Angeles. 5'6" 135 lbs trim. smooth & firm & built seeks hairy muscular white male for mutual tit tortu e No scat ff or fem Must respect my limits Send photo to Box 3355

34; EUROPEAN SLAVE (UNCUT)
Looking well-hung masters. No age limits. I'm Gr pass. Fr act into S/M boots dildos. spank pain (213) 851-5556

HOT-HORNEY-HAIRY-HUNKY HUNG
L.A Area 48. 5'9", 179 lb br hair blue eyes. 8½ uncut. into light S&M B&D jocks leather wa tll. tic. ff. jo fantasy trips Open to new scenes will answer with phone & photo Wanted— experienced top leather man into light S&M & bondage for learning experience Box 3363

MAN WANTED
For permanent live in lover You 30-40 Big dominant hairy hunk Me Everything you ever wanted No picture No answer P.O Box 9061 Palm Springs CA 92263

PALM DESERT HORNY
G/W/M 25. disc, 5'9" 135# JF Box 1054 Palm Desert. CA 92260

STRICT STEP-DADDY 43
Understands naughty boys all ages You will cry & squirm on my lap as my hand spanks your bare buns! Paddle available Letter or # to Marshall Box 6444, Riverside CA 92518

GAINING WEIGHT
Turn you on? Blond/blue 6'2" 32 210# seeks partner to pig out 256 S Robertson Blvd , #2035. B Hills CA 90211 Fat?

BIG FURRY "BEAR"
Burly "blue-collar" type W M (6'1" 232-33) trim beard thinning hair broad hairy shoulders chest, and back pliable beer belly cut 6½", nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

ORANGE COUNTY
W/M, 26. 180 lbs 6'1"— Master wants to try the s ave role Only leather cowboy men 18-32 need to write No scat or FF Letter and Photo guarantee reply Box 3443

HOT VERSATILE FFA
Seeks same for high times & hot sex ROS Box 126 5300 Laurel Cnyn N Hllywd CA 91607

G/W/M; 5'11 , 7"
168 lbs, bl/bl, beard/moust. W/S Raunch, Group or 1-1 Trips Send Phone & Photo. Interested in starting S D W S Club Box 3398

BODYBUILDER
5'10", 195 lbs. seeks other muscular dudes into whips, chains, fists. Box 3596. L.A. CA 90028

HOT RECEPTIVE REAR
Seeks action— Dave
(213) 658-6645

TORRANCE
6 ft 9 in. 42 yr old slug active tr & gr FF Call only 213-371-7426 after 7 p m — over n ties too

W/M 29
Sks together guys for friends and action. Send picture to Ed Box 5242, Hunt Bch. CA 92646

SAN DIEGO TOP
6'3"— 40— 190 into all scenes— complete game room— B/D S/M W/S FFA Leather Hoods— wax fits— etc 714-420-8967

BONDAGE SLAVE NEEDS MASTER
WM 30 5'10" bl/br moustache 155 lbs into long sessions. hvy B&D W S. P O Box 10105, Torrance. CA 90505.

CAN YOU TAKE IT?
Strict LA Master needs obedient slave Send photo. phone #. application to Box 3444

COLORADO

TOTAL SLAVE
Goodlooking and hung with boots and leathers Totally submissive and available to leather master Everything goes B/D. & S/M & C/BT No scat Write or call Billy (303) 456-0722

—HOUSE BOY—
22 Br /Br 150 lbs
many talents and ready to serve
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Pueblo. Colorado 81001

G/W/M INTERESTED
In building an outstanding long term personal relationship I'm not perfect and not looking for the perfect person Want someone who is like myself Warm, honest, loving, good sense of humor Interests career, home, outdoors, travel, reading, music, movies, etc I am average looks 5'9" 170 lbs. blue eyes Please write letter with picture to. Box 5090, 9618 W Belleview Ave Littleton, CO 80123

WHEN IN DENVER
Contact the Knights of the Golden Eagle. Denver's first and only fisting club We would be happy to show you our city and hospitality If leather S/M. B/D. fisting. etc is your scene let us know you're cumming to Denver or the metro vicinity Contact "The Knights of the Golden Eagle" c/o W D John 4633 Clay St. Denver, CO 80211 or phone 303-477-8636

CONNECTICUT

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER MASTER
Greenwich Experienced seeks partners who want and need S&M B&D TT C&BT Gr/Fr WS Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys. Send me your applications Limits respected Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share. Box 1531

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN
Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D. C&BT, TT, SM WS. etc Novice will be trained Men from areas of NY CT NJ, MASS Write me with details and photo Box 3035

PISS DRINKER, FUCKEE
BELTEE, COCKSUCKER AWAITS YOUR ORDERS DECENT BODY YOUNG Boxholder— CHK Box 10462 West Hartford, CT 06110

PISS DRINKER
Submissive. beltee. cocksucker awaits your orders SIR. (SIRs— groups very welcome) 37, white. smooth decent body 5'8" 175 Boxholder chk P O Box 10462 West Hartford CT 06110

MASCULINE W M
36 seeks others for action No femis Photo/phone to Jim Koss. Box 3742 Hartford CT 06103

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY
MD-DC-VA. M Cancer 6' 35. 168 lbs blond/blue, moustache, sensuous, thirsty, independent straight-appearing, looking for experienced creative. hung. hard-bodied tops, 30-45. Recycled beer, repeat shooters long sessions, leather body worship and sweat are turnons fat fakes fems. skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs, pain. blood and shit are turnoffs Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic fuck. but for men to serve experiment with, and expand limits with over time Deeper relationship possible, not likely but willing to try To'd I'm good-looking hot but you decide Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response Your photo returned. Sir, please write. Box 50602, Washington, DC [illegible]

BONDAGE ANIMAL
Slender body available for bizarre experiments, humiliation helplessness Box 3401

FLORIDA

LOYAL SLAVE
Tampa Bay Area. Level-headed L/L slave, WM. 29 5'6", crewcut, moustache, beard, hairy chest Into moderate S&M. FF, hot wax, VA, recycled beer shot down my throat body shaving, head trips, and almost everything else I'd like to eat your pits and suck the spit out of your mouth Put me in a collar, cuffs, restraints, a hood Sir I will submit to and serve you, a real master 30-40. hairy and who will take the time to train me in your ways and to develop my trust in you so to take me to levels far beyond the limits I have A well-equipped gameroom would be a plus Sir for your trust and respect you gain my complete loyalty and unquestioned obedience Sir, I want you to be proud of me as your slave Please write with photo. I will reply to every letter Box 1522

SADISTIC COPS ONLY
Goodlooking well-built male seeks aggressive, no-nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, kick ass and earn respect Not interested in phonies or play acting Real cops only Box 009

ORLANDO BOTTOM
White 31, 150 attractive educated stable. good cock, wants masculine. discrete stable, clean top, 30-50, for possible permanent relationship Not into pain. Box 3032

BODYBUILDER, BIKER
35 interested in sex with any Drummer readers Wet and dirty dirty talk and fantasies. clothes Top/mutual Am

versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302

FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE
Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc. for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258

TRUSTWORTHY, GENTLE
L/L Master for B/D & fun. I'm 26, W/M, tall, handsome, swimmers build. If you are a masculine, muscular man under 40 send photo and letter. No fats, fems, drugs. Only discreet and serious. Martin, P.O. Box 455, Miami, FL 33143

HOUSEBOY SLAVE
Miami Beach W/M 48 (looks 38) 6'4" 195 lbs looking for a straight looking live-in houseboy slave under 28. Must be masculine, hard body, tough, no body hairs, great ass. Likes to be fucked, verbal abuse, rough sex. No heavy S/M. Total commitment mind and body to Master-Daddy. Total loss of freedom demanded. Must obey and open to new things. Lots of TLC. No Fats, Fems or Dopers. Only serious candidate write meaningful letter, send photos and phone number. Relocation expense for right boy. Don't apply if you don't qualify or you don't want a lasting relationship. Write Steve, Box 8386, Miami Beach, FL 33119

SINCERE YOUTHFUL
Cocktail [illegible] well built gwm looking for master/father. Must be mature masculine man in 30's. Must be stable & sensitive as well as dominant. Prefer clean bodybuilder types. Laughter & equality are essential. Martin, P.O. Box 455, Miami, FL 33143

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add $1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best times to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

MIAMI UNINHIBITED
Hot Levi-leather S/M dude yng 40, 140 lbs, 5'10" digs exploring ultimate sexual heights. Into C/B, ass tit and pits, b/d, w/s, j/o, toys, dirty talk, porn, fantasies, grass/amyl, with sim dude 25-40, sans, friends. Write with photo. LARRY, 7520 SW 105th Terrace, Miami, Fla 33156

HOT MIAMI COUPLE
Seeking buddies (one or more) for joint fucking sessions, big thick well hung tight bodies preferred. Reply with photo to Box 3389

WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND
With gentleman my own age 65 interested in whipping and homosex activity. Box 3384

INTO ENEMAS?
Want to correspond & meet hot numbers. I'm w/m 33, 5'6", 138 mostly enema receiver, good bottom, also gr/pass, tits, spanking. Will travel So. Fla. during X-mas holidays. Write to P.O. Box 446, Stn "A," Longueuil, Prov Quebec, Canada J4H 3Z2

FT. LAUDERDALE
Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, Fl. 33313

PANTY HOSE FETISH
Masc attr W/m wants to meet correspond with other guys into panty hose. Box 653, Pinellas Park, FL 33565

FRNDS
W/m 44, 160. Box 640064, No Miami Beach, Fl. 33164

[illegible]
Hot sex wanted. Send photo. Box 3421

WM— 55 YRS YOUNG
6'4"— 175# average— cut— A/P F— P/G— light TT & CBT— HORNEY Men Serviced. Two Hole PETE— Central FLA. Box 3418

CAPE CANAVERAL
Muscle Master wanted by muscle lover 5'10" 140 lbs, 30s, to worship and submit to total adoration. P.O. Box 374, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

ORLANDO W/M
6', 155, 40s, seeks companion. Box 3435

GEORGIA

ATLANTA AREA MS
WM 35 6' into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 501 levis, VN army boots, and heavy ball work. No FF, scat, damage. Phone a must. Box 3003

—BREECHES AND BOOTS—
Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears [illegible] have a [illegible] 6 feet, 165 pounds [illegible] S&M [illegible] forms and wear [illegible] public with similarly [illegible] Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga. Box 3155

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN
May apply to a muscular real bodybuilder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service, and limits respected. No fems or drugs. Macon. Box 3076.

MS, WM, 36, 6
Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276

SLEAZY ACTION - AUGUSTA, GA
6 ft, 150 lbs, short cropped hair, moustache, good body. Hot man needs good involved session with same. B&D, V.A., W.S., whipping, shaving, top or bottom. Box 3345

COMPETITION BODYBUILDER
Seeks mate 6'2" 200# 20" arms 48" chest 35. Turn your life over to me and together we transcend the ordinary. Box 3371

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE
Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5'10in with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, fems, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta GA 30355-2348

HUNKY TOP
Handsome, oversexed Dad, 37, 5'8" [illegible] bottom. You [illegible] firm body, hung, ass, good looks a [illegible] Pretty boys are okay, I can provide [illegible] care as well as [illegible] nation, spanking, [illegible] repeated fucking. B&D okay. No [illegible] heavy pain. Send photo description [illegible] sive letter. Boxholder, P.O. Box 113, Atlanta, GA 30301

HAWAII

WARM DISCREET ORIENTAL
31 wks-out wishes w/m friends 18-35 anywhere. 5'7", 135 lbs. Box 4191, Honolulu, HI 96813

[illegible]
Seeks willing slave 25-40. Box 3419

ILLINOIS

LONG JOHNS
WM, 32, seeks young guys into union suit and long john underwear scenes. JWH, 450 Briar Place, #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

ENEMA/ASS SLAVES
2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome— limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237

LONG JOHN GUYS WANTED
For layers, hum, B&D, JWH, 450 Briar #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

S&M MASTER
Accepting novice trainees. If you are under 6', 160 lbs & 18-35, apply by letter w/recent photo to R. Smrt, Suite 134-8827, Ogden Ave., Brookfield, IL 60513

HOT COUPLE, 32
New to scene. Top 6'1" 165, Bottom 5'9" 155. Want to meet singles and couples into bondage, humiliation, WS, etc. P.O. Box 10309, Chicago 60610

54 5'8" -150-WHITE ARIES
Experienced Top - Respectful of Limits - Can be gentle or extremely sadistic based on slaves endurance. Like bondage, flogging, c/b and nipple work. Body hair a plus. Photo gets prompt reply. Box 3380

BODYBUILDERS
Free complete massage with fringe benefits to bodybuilders with foot ball players bodies. Call Ray 312-545-8858

GOODLOOKING GUY 23
Seeks to expand experience. Suggestions welcome. Box 3385

GBM 25
6' 170# masculine 4H— Hot, handsome, hairy and horny. Lonely in Windy City. Want a macho man to treat me right. Photo and honest letters please. No time for games and no kinky scenes. Race not important. Box 3394

FREE 70MM PORTRAIT
Of yr tool, tattoo, pierce, enema, FF, shave or anything by 37 y/o Bi. Eric, Box A 3248, Chicago, IL 60690

GERMAN MASTER
Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsm blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE

AGGRESSIVE 29 YEAR OLD
White male, 6'1" 185 lbs, brn hr, short beard and mustache. Looking for hot bottom men and slaves under 35 for hot sweaty times. W/S, F/F, you call it! Photo/Phone answered first. Write Box 149, 606 W Barry, Chgo, Ill 60657

EXCEPTIONAL GUYS
Yng gdlkg withy married exec wants to meet dynamic W/m (21-35) for dinner, theatre, etc. Married OK. Must have exceptional looks, mind & body. Photo to Bill, 804-F11, 323 Franklin St, Chicago, IL 60606

APPRENTICE SLAVE
Available. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690

LONG JOHN GUYS WANTED
For layers, hum, B&D, JWH, 450 Briar #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

INDIANA

MARION, IND, S&M M&S
W/M water sports, B/D, C/B, enemas, some scat, tit work, rubber, smelly jocks, hot wax. Also willing to try other things for the mutual enjoyment of both. Also would like to make friends for mutual good times with at least an understanding of above. Also need houseboy to live and work as slave. Have house or barn for play, some equipment. Also can travel to near areas. P.O. Box 485, Marion, Indiana 46[illegible]

NEED A BLOW JOB?
Am 46, 6'3½", 210 lbs. I prefer muscular hairy men to age 55. I love dirty shorts, sox and sweaty men. I will give you a tongue bath. I don't want anything done to me. No fats or S&M. Phone between 4 P.M. and 2:00 A.M. (317) 453-3548

M 27, 6', 140
Want L/L topmen into FR, Gr, dildos, enemas, paddles, TT and FF. No fats, fems or scat. Box 3431

W/M— 39, 5'10", 135#
French A/P, Greek A— affectionate, sincere, honest, like conversation, sharing, being close, kissing— seeks w/m 22+ French A/P, Greek P— for friendship, with possible one-on-one relationship. Write me, Ken, PO Box 146, Jasper, IN 47546

IOWA

GDLKG W/M
30 5'10" 160 sks same 18-35. Adven, gd tms, rel? Bx 16, Ames, IA 50010. Inexp OK

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KENTUCKY
Leatherloving slave wishes to serve serious, experienced master. Needs to [illegible] experience, expand limits. Slave is 33, 5'[illegible], 165 lbs, in shape, bearded biker. Box 382, Murray, KY 42[illegible]

LOUISIANA

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS
New Orleans WM, 35. Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather. High black boots. Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1579

I Love to Masturbate!

I'll take all my clothes off so you can watch me as I do it just for you!!

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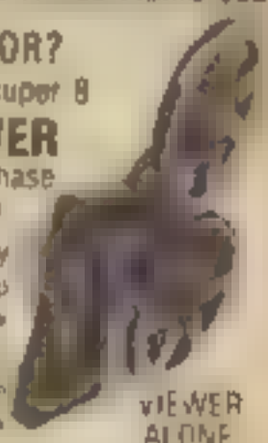

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MARYLAND

WANTED

White male, clean, smooth with a healthy desire for daily sex to serve two aggressive w/m s. Position can be permanent live-in. You must be under 5'9" 18-28 obedient. Send photo w/your letter of application to DWS 6011 Chesworth Rd. Catonsville MD 21228.

BODYBUILDER/RUNNER

DC MD/VA. WM 38. 5'11" 170. 42" chest 30" waist. Well-built, lean muscular together human. Interested in relationship same. Most anything erotic. W. Box 55029. Ft. Wash. MD 2074-

MASSACHUSETTS

BONDAGE SLAVE

WM 65, is looking for a young master 23-35, with 8" or more of uncut cock to service. Am French active and Greek passive. No drugs. FF S&M or pain, just bondage. Plymouth Area but am retired can travel anywhere AMTRACK goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box 2025

FIND YOUR MAN HERE!

NIPPLE FREAK - HOT N PPLES

Wants to correspond/exchange photos/meet with guys into tits. Mine are really huge and always in need of a hot workout. Send letter and picture of your tits, from anywhere and I will do the same. Also interested in nipple enlargement techniques. Let's exchange photos/ideas. Box 3301

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Stepdad 43 6'1" 170 will spank disobedient sons 18+. Box 3350

SOUTHERN STUD INTO HANDJOBS

Hot good looking built bi, construction worker 28, 6' 165, moustache thick 8" mantool large tows long balls. Travels East Coast often. Box 51866 New Orleans LA 70151

[illegible]

South Louisiana. W M 23, must/brd hairy hard, 145, 5'8" desires contact with masculine muscular men into bodybuilding. Let's make contact. Box 3387

[illegible]

MATURE MASCULINE

Stud 27 short dark hair beard and moustache hairy muscular body seeks sim men to explore all aspects of B&D-S&M. Exp masters welcome. Will travel. Pic a must. Box 3344

SM SADISTIC MASTER

40 seeks young masculine gwm masochist slaves for pain pleasure endurance B&D sex etc. No fats old or drugs. Box 65 Kittery ME 03904

SONS WANTED

Take your pick. Black Master/Daddy 49 5'10", 160 or White Dad Big Brother 39 5'11" 175 seeks sons for appropriate training or woodshed discipline. Box 3283. Peabody MA 01960

HOT SLAVE WANTED

18 to 40, must be heavily into TITS have a good set of firm pecs at least 7" low hangers and a hot hole. Limits respected. Send photo and application Box 3403

C&B PA N

B&D for 18-23 slaves. Call (617) 256-[illegible]

COCK BALL/ASS TORTURE

W M 30 5'8" 135 lbs br/br moustache wants hot cock ball asshole work. Into weights, whips, cigars, cigarettes, wax dildoes, piss farts, shit. Willing to explore. Photo, phone gets same. Box 3358

WANTED

Big thick-dicked daddy, w/m good shape over 34, virile who can train a w/m in a blue collar job— am strong virile thick honest ready to work and learn any trade-type work that pays union scale. I am Irish Ital 27 short hunky hung, eager to please boy looking for an older exper man to train and look out for me. Serious only, no fats, fems, alcoholics or heavy drugs. Will relocate. Box 3381

ASS GAMES BOSTON GRAD STUDENT

24 Handsome good body white seeks same for mutual ass exploration. Other fantasies tie me up shave me whip my ass fuck me come in my face piss on me. Letter & photo a must. Box 3416

BUTCH THE JOCK

Has photos jocks, briefs & more. For info send SASE Butch 118 Mass Ave Box 316, Boston MA 02215. My hot sweats for you

MIKE

Will be in Boston soon write how I can reach you or call person-to-person MISS ZYAN B II A

MICHIGAN

SIR

Potential slave needs exp master who having gained my trust will lead me to new experiences, wish to be taught to serve and obey by dominant, but understanding, master/daddy (in attitude, not necessarily in age). Your response is respectfully requested by W Michigan w/m uncut 30, 5'9" 165 lbs, beard and moustache. Box 3203

WANTED METRO DETROIT

A couple friendly dominant, trim, in-shape studs any size to split me. Married single guys to 45 must like 3-ways, watching being watched and sharing asshole. All must like to fuck, suck get sucked and pro. I'm 30 br/bl. 5'9" 140# nice body 6" cut attractive and I love cock. Frontal nude photos get mine and reply. Box 3352

BONDAGE MASTER

into heavy tit and cock & ball work. Send your qualifications to my Drummer box number if you can take it. Box 33 4

DETROIT LEATHER COUPLE

S— 34 140 70" and MS— 25, 190 75" seek singles or groups (20-40) for SM TT B&D WS sessions. We are looking for partner(s) who can satisfy our needs in individual or group sessions. We are into hot times and good man-sex. No fats or fems. Send photo and phone. Box 3377

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

DETROIT AREA

W M 32 5'10" 150 trim lbs Bottom seeks partners for leather pleasure into scenes including TT S&M B&D Gr Fr Domination FF and other leather actions including toys and gear. POB 364, Hazel Park Michigan 48030

W/M - 32, 6'2", 195#
Fr a/p. Gr p— seeks friends and rel Will try most scenes once, esp S&M B&D. W S? Write to
Dave, Box 951
Muskegon, MI 49443

W M 25
Brown/blue seeks Daddy 25-40 into leather cigars, fucking, sucking, ws bls toys, jo and cuddling Box 3437

MINNESOTA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however a considered). Trim or muscular clean obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind Novice okay, will train If you know you were meant to be a slave write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo Box 3251

TWIN CITIES MASTER
42— 6'1"— 160 seeks bottoms for S&M lit torture C&B torture—leather hoods, gags wips, chims etc Limits respected Box 3298

BLAST THOSE ABS
Wanted! Exercise buff for rigorous abdominal workouts, with or without punishments. Let's push our guts to their limits get mean with those abs Me 34, short. You ready for gut wrenching workouts P O Box 1043 Minneapolis, MN 55440

MISSOURI

NAKED, CHAINED, SHAVED
Kansas City Tattooed S 45, 6'2" muscular 185, 7", wants slender man-slave 20-30 to be kept naked chained and shaved for total and permanent S&M lifestyle Apply with photo. Box 3129

GOOD LOOKING PAIR
Of lovers looking for men for fun & friendship, 18-40 Phone & photo get answer PO Box 7744, Sugar Creek MO

NEVADA

SLAVE BOY WANTED
Master seeking full time applications for slave boy Will serve as a master sees fit. Into B&D, C&B, lit work, WS etc Master has complete training facilities to handle any slave Slaves apply with photo (mandatory) Master is 32 5'11" handsome Reply to Box 1821

MARLBORO MAN
Hot Virile Nevada Rancher topman with 9" pistol needs frequent firings & cleanings Looking for hairy hunky bottoms into heavy kinky scene You name it— fisting, bondage discipline, water sports scat & lots of sucking & fucking in between Write describing needs travel USA & Europe You won't be disappointed Pic exchanged. Box 100 Downstairs, 132 W 24th St NY NY 10011

NEW JERSEY

W M, 30'S
Wishes to correspond with others into haircuts-shaves Details & photo please Box 3335

TOP 35, BOTTOM 32
WMs into French Greek tits, S&M whips, 501 levis boots, amyl, smoke, seek others 18-35 into same. Help service top or train bottom Photo appreciated Box 3337

NORTHERN JERSEY
W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs, hairy knowledgeable, masculine dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship Muscular body a plus Willing to train novice to my ways Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs fats, fems, or phonies Box 291

DOMINANT BLACK DADDY
Seeks long lost black or white son for st ct across the knee hand o st ap d sc pline and ho T C Dad s p ates stona 46 5 9 145 lbs Son must be slender to medium built, under 35 healthy, employed, and totally compliant Foto and phone to P O Box 1746 Paterson, NJ 07509 1746 Prefer NJ or NYC area

MEET YOUR MATCH
Fantasy stud. Guy next door Friend-lover Members discretely introduced Free info Box 1707 Bloomfield NJ 07003

CHERRY HILL
Affectionate, 43, 5'10" 225 lbs Heavy sel versatile, a/p fr or 6" P O Box 3860 Cherry Hill, NJ 08034

CANCER - CHUBBY
Mid 30's Phil looking for open minded chaser for fun and good times. Dirty blond hair hazel eyes Please send photo I'll send mine Call 201-289-4225 or write 112 West Field Ave Elizabeth N J 07208

SLIM 6', 35
Offers firm, insatiable ass erect nipples to truckers/laborers/cowboys with 8" or more Ride ride, ride! 201 377 5905

NEW MEXICO

DON JUAN DEL PASO
Wants to meet his match BB 5'11" 170, 44"c 31"w 8x2 cut, are you my kind of cattle? Box 3391

YOUNG DRUMMER DADDY
Devoted to old Southwest leather and western lifestyle and young daddy? Write to Daddy Boy! Box 3409

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

NEW YORK

WAY OUT S&M
Given to hot body young experienced or beginner M by well-equipped, level-headed Master Send photo, age height weight to Box 12R, c/o Room 603 147 West 42nd St NYC 10036

LI-NY BONDAGE STOCKADE
Correctional facilities for disciplining young asp ring Bondage Slaves A strict but decent Custodian supervises caged confinement & woodland exposures, employing Pillory Strait-jacket letters, etc Body shaving prolonged restraint, humiliation imposed Also unpleasant chastise-ment when necessary for behavior control Heavy S&M pain, FF Scat NOT approved Prisoner's limits & responses both mental & physical closely monitored Mutual trust, respect encouraged Long term slavery considered Photo necessary sent with honest dign fied applicat on to The Warden, 335 W 11 NYC 10014, NY

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION

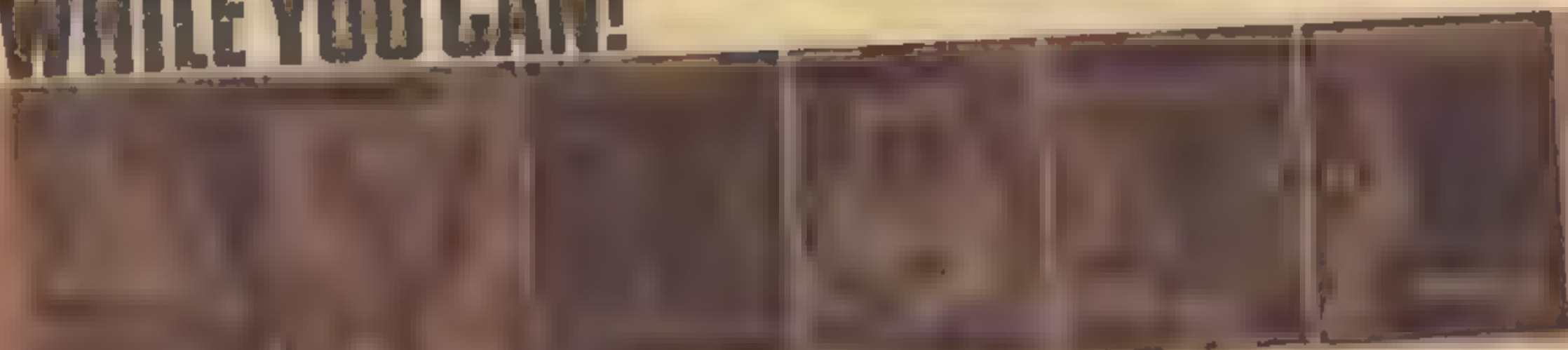
Issue 3 Issue 6 Issue 7 Issue 9 Issue 10

Issue 17 Issue 18 Issue 19 Issue 21 Issue 22 Issue 23

Issue 30 Issue 31 Issue 32 Issue 33 Issue 34 Issue 35

Issue 42 Issue 43 Issue 44 Issue 45 Issue 46 Issue 47

WHILE YOU CAN!



Issue 11 Issue 12 Issue 13 Issue 14 Issue 15 Issue 16

Issue 24 Issue 25 Issue 26 Issue 27 Issue 28 Issue 29

Issue 36 Issue 37 Issue 38 Issue 39 Issue 40 Issue 41

Issue 48 Issue 50 Issue 51 Issue 52

More pages,
more fiction,
more original
artwork
than any other
Gay
publication

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED
Greenwich Village Experienced S W/m 48, 5'9" 175 lbs. uncut shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained, for long hot sessions. Must have endurance crave punishment in chains Medium to heavy S M B/D, etc. No scat My motto sane S M intense, not brutal erotic, not reckless, firm but affectionate If your head is right, write appropriate letter now No lems, fats, fakes Box 185R

ATTENTION SLAVES
Manhattan Master 36, 6'4" 190 lbs with slave 32 6'3" 170 lbs Both are muscular blonds and attractive You are also muscular and attractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slave Applications without detailed resume and photo will not be considered Box 673.

NYC BODY SLAVE WANTED
Your primary duty will be to serve your Master with head heart mouth & asshole Some bondage & pain— C/B&T Torture, needles, catheters, electricity etc FF preferred but not essential or first 30-45 yrs, under 5'11" over 170 lbs. *Photo essential* Detailed letters with phone # will receive first consideration No lams or skinnies. P O Box 131 M H Sta., NYC 10156

MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN
COMPLETE physical exam leads to intense repeated enema treatments Lots of nozzles tubes etc Expect THOROUGH rectal examination Restraint may be required ME 31 5'10" 150 lbs gwm moustache YOU young, cute handsome Prefer Hispanic Arabic Italian but all considered Reply with any type photo (required) and description of your fantasy No fats, femmes oldies Box 3328

GWM WANTS ACCESS
With black master to stables M c vicinity for heavy sex involving horse scat golden shower Provider may participate Box 3331

BUFFALO MASTER
GWM 37, seeks submissive leather slave to serve Must be goodlooking [illegible] no bullshit no [illegible] on. Call evenings 7-9 (716) 876-2641

BLACK MAN WANTED
Age 20-60, to "train" white honkey (32 6'2" 170#) firm build, good-looking, in discipline humiliation dominance Give me a lesson in Black Power Sir! No lems Send descrip, letter, photo if poss Box 3339

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE
very handsome Leo BB 26 6'6" 205# blond smooth Big hungry butt throat for long exploring sessions FF leather fitwork piss toys S&M many things if approached with right attitude. You hot, experienced, together Hairy muscles a special turnon Train me guide me lead me to new levels through trust & respect not violence or humiliation Include photo phone Your place Box 3338

WANTED FFA TOP - NYC
Horny attractive WM 45 slim 145 lbs. 5'1", brown hair & eyes, moustache needs to be fisted on regular basis prefer long-term, permanent relationship. Expert leather bottom with hot hole who likes two fists often Also light S&M d/does WS tit play Versatile French-Greek a p Interests include opera ballet, theatre, travel & sex Please answer with phone no, photo appreciated. Bob Box 3340

EXHIBITIONIST NUDE SERVANT
Waiter 32, u/c, slim, athletic, cute smooth ass, wants to be in servitude in leash and dog collar (groups OK) Seeks prolonged restraint, caged confinement, pillory, degradation, shaving public exposure, interrogations verbal humiliation. No hvy pain. Box 3343.

LONG ISLAND WM
Educated, professional 46 6' 195, with dominant fantasies Seeks WM with submissive fantasies for mutual beginner's exploration Box 3347

ATHLETIC BUDDY
26, 5'9", 155 Italian, dark features, enjoy a straight lifestyle sports, etc Seeks masc guys down to earth, with some rough edges get along with blue collar guys well like, stocky heavy guys, straight appearance & lifestyle most important Travel. John PO 478 Wheatly Heights NY 11798

SUBMISSIVE BIKER SEEKS HOT TOP
W M 28, 5'10" 155 lbs Bottom craves public humiliation body worship, prolonged bondage/restraint and caged confinement With an empathetic master total servitude in biker's leather, uniforms, or naked if possible I desire a master who likes good times and intelligent companionship— I would hope that this will provide the context for mutual trust respect and affection in which my limits may be expanded Send photo descriptions of personality and interests to Box F5, Suite 325 799 Broadway New York NY 10003

KYRIE ELEISON!
GWM 30, hot, blonde, smooth muscled, Yearns for big BB/wl/jock-cw types who are clear about their racial superiority and enjoy the homage due them from lesser men. This worthless slave strives with whole heart, mind body and soul to provide the worship reverence and pleasure which is the natural birthright of your ultramasculine godliness. Especially proficient at oral catholic ritual groveling before my lord Incense, candles mammal relics I/I vestments, flagellation, obscene litanies smoky religious liturgies to cleanse anoint and excite your sacred body and blood dark martyr submission to the whims of your virile divinity You know who you are Sons of Zeus, Apollo, Hercules. Come let me adore you Box 3351

N Y BONDAGE BOTTOM
For sailors or cops in uniform W M 35 5'11" 170 lbs. (212) 263-6385 pm

WHITE DADDY BLACK SON
Austere though loving "Roman Senator" seeks long lost son. Daddy is mature, bearded graying autocratic but just 5'7" trim, 150# Responsive, responsible, intelligent son is 20-30 lean brownskin. Daddy gets allegiance, son gets firm hand on firm ass Send photo Come along home, boy It's time for bed Box 3353

TOP NEEDS BOTTOM
To provide outlet for sadistic energies 34 6'5" Masculine Muscular S seeks honky hung m for extensive c/bt [illegible] etc Photo and phone with letter of submission will be offered to Masters Company N, P O. Box 460, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10111

INTO MY ASS
Kiss it, lick it, suck it, eat it, fuck it fist it! NYC Box 3354

NYC NOVICE NEEDS TRAINING
Submissive GWM 39 6'6", 130# brown eyes, hair, mous. masculine, good looking with hot body and insatiable buns wants humpy u/40 patient master Most scenes considered except scat or heavy pain. Your photo gets mine Box 3361

NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM
W/m 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair brown eyes, moustache hairy Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked Also into B/D W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids toys Seeks patient & understanding topman to each and help me expand my limits Must be 25-40, good body, attractive Photo & phone appreciated Box 3373.

LIVE-IN SLAVE 18-22
Into C&B pain. Call (617) 256-2968

SWEATY STUD SEEKS PIG
Hairy levi leather jock, 35, 5'10", 160 into 1 to 1, rough action, spit pits piss, teats c/s, wants hot muscular pig who can teach what he can take. No scat Photo Dick Berg, 132 W 24 St., NYC 10011

NINE PLUS?
I'll deal with all of it! Masculine Muscular 34 6'5", 230# Expert will provide Exceptional oral stimulation Photo with measurements and phone to BEN P O Box 460 Old Chelsea Station, New York New York 10111

(212)672-1010 TOP/INSATIABLE JKSN HTS, QNS
W/m 8/160/bro/bro You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true bottoms, short of talk but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse. Having worn both the green of the army as well as the blue of the navy will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or married slobs, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock as opposed to giving it Box 3381

NYC
W/M 34 6'2" 190 lbs brown hair (balding on top) moustache, husky build seeks affectionate topman Looking for long-term relationship based on sharing and trust. Not into pain or very heavy scenes but need an aggressive lover I'm a responsible professional and seek a peer outside the bedroom Photo helpful honest letter and phone essential Box 3420

LOOKING FOR ALL KINDS
Kinky action Eastern NY State Western Con. Also travel to St Petersburg Fla Age 40, blond, beard, uncut, 185 lb Box 3422

TOP
Interviewing complete body slave Total submission Application, personal details to P O Box 148 Murray Hill Station N Y 10016 N Y

JACK OFF ADDICT
Wants hot sessions w/ oil, grease piss, rubbers, cockrings straps, 1 to 1 group, balls and big dicks J/O only Hot! Let's spray it! Les Box 155 642 Amsterdam Av NYC 10025

COCK/BALL TIT TORTURE
Hot handsome masculine muscular stud 38 needs pain from sadists Travel Europe and all U S A First ad Telephone number and pic if possible Dick West, Suite 411 60 East 42 St N Y, N Y 10165

HOT AND SENSUAL
2 W/M s into FF slave training, evenings & weekends. Honest replies only about who you are & what you re into Call 212-744-9521

MADISON COUNTY MASTER
W M 31 5-10 140 lbs 7" cut, desires slaves (21-35) for servicing his needs and yours Your cock, balls, tits and ass will be bound, pulled stretched, shaved or plugged as I wish. You will write to me (with photo and phone) about the details of how you will fulfill my desires No fats drugs, scat or FF Limits respected Box 3402

ATTN S&M COUPLES
NYC Master and his totally owned slave are looking for other S&M couples to share experiences with. Write to Box 660, Bowling Green Station, New York, NY 10274

CUTE GR PASSIVE
White male— 21, new to gay scene into rock, partying— needs a Gr active, musc, masculine dude. Box 119, Deer Park NY 11729

FORCE STRIP INITIATIONS
W/m 5'9", 155 38, wants to hear from others into same Box 413, N Y., NY 10823-0413

GWM, MID 30S
Goodlooking, together, sincere honest with myself as well as others, have various hobbies, up personality Am loyal and am able to relate to people easily Looking to make additional friends not tricks, 18-35 with similar traits for human desires, travel plus much more If you can see yourself in this ad send photo phone to Box K-1030 Valley Stream, NY 11582

RETIRED ITAL
Slender & endw seeks retir chubby M as sincere fr and possible apt sharing. Box 172 Brklyn, NY 11210

WESTERN NEW YORK
Trim kinky cubs need husky bear for fun and games in the cave SM, BD, WS, and especially tit and ball torture by daddies and businessmen welcomed Box [illegible]

BIG GUYS NEED DADDYS TOO
6'2" 190 lbs 36, bearded, hairy in-shape, wants Daddy/lover Looking for monogamous, fun, kinky top. Hairy body builders. Like my tits played with a lot. Want to get them pierced Box 3407

ASS/EATING COCKSUCKERS
May apply to tongue service me No bearded New York clones Clean fresh-looking obedient masculine, smooth only please Box 3412

COMING TO N Y ? WANT TO GET A GREAT BLOW JOB?
If you're straight or bi & enjoy getting sucked may I service you? Verbal abuse humiliation tough talk a plus If you have a big smooth clean butt & like it eaten please write Marrieds OK— I'm clean & healthy Box 3415

HUNG LIKE A HORSE?
Hot hndsm 28 W/m lkng for super hung studs If you have enuf to satisfy me, I will satisfy you Pic/ph# to Box 519, DMS 132 W 24th, N Y., N Y 10011.

W/M 36 145 LBS
With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfilment as obedient slave Box 3432

ALL LEATHER TOPMAN
Seeks similar short, slim leather master to train slaves in hot 3-somes, also JO scenes. Let's be buddies and cruising partners. Box 1753, Brooklyn, NY 11202

KICK ASS

My hot ass mouth and teats are at your se vice Athletic hot slave seeks life-t ne master fist piss, pierce shave, b-and g-d [illegible] 5 6 546 [illegible]55

UNCUT NUDIST

Looking for same for long sessions of [illegible] 38 5 6 125 good [illegible] 2 not [illegible] ve naked [illegible] ba play Ph[illegible] c [illegible] 344

G/W/M LATIN

5 6 120 [illegible] ache [illegible] Seek G W M E [illegible] 20 40 [illegible] Dra [illegible] Box 3433

BROWN M 23

5'6" 160 cut hot straight acting gdlo k ing seeks honest partner for relat. on-sh p 30 gd ook ng. Send pho o? Phone R F P O Box 157 NYC 100 8

NORTH CAROLINA

LEATHER HOT & TIGHT

Warm piss drunk & given, tit act on & wax torture JO Loud FF WS, S&M Two NC dudes hot for the tourist trade M d-th rties, goodlook ng opposites smooth/hairy His face in your ass Your cock in mine My hand in yours Playroom for serious hunks Bathroom for ye ow dogs Basement for few Visit the mountains visit the Worlds Fair Visit us Box 1823

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave but cannot find the guts to do so Most of you who have cal ed or written wasted my time Some of you were ser-ous but lazy Some of you were serious but afra d All of you *still* seek master! I still seek a slave, for love obedience pun shment and total com-m tment I am *deadly serious!* And so a e you Now *do* something about it! Ca l Randy— 704-324-1465 or w te 1305 11th Ave. S E Box 24, Hickory N C. 2860

PAIN & PLEASURE MASTERS

Rough leather duds into piss bondage ass ho ing, you name it Team work or solos. Fuck room/toys ava a ble Heavy leather tit torture and abuse Most always tops but wi sassly any true together top. Until it hurts so good .. motherfuckers A ville N C Box 3336

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER $1 VERIFICATION!

HOT TOPS

29 b ond b ue 5'9" 150 bs
32 brown, blue 5 10" 160 bs

Seeks bottoms into leather light S M bondage, toys If you can handle it reply with letter & photo to Boxholder Rt #2 Box 337AC. Wilmington NC 28403

OHIO

CLEVELAND

29. 5'11" 150 lbs, hairy I need a leather topman to expand my ass to its limits W.S. FF TT scat poss ble p erc ng No photo needed I will surpass your expectations Please include phone # in your answer for qu ckest response Box 3156

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot W/m med student-bodybu lder 29. new in Cleveland, proud, masculine muscled, hung and very dominant seeks hot, masculine bottom man or couples for friendsh p long sweaty workouts, and possible permanent relationship Photo-phone-limits to SIR P O. Box 16416, Cleveland, OH 44116

STRICT STEPDAD

38. 6' 185 has strap and paddle for son who needs love and bare ass lanings [illegible]

SLAVE WANTED

[illegible] Box 5867 [illegible] 44

CLEVELAND

[illegible] bearded [illegible] seeks [illegible] Mr [illegible] Novices welcome Box 3391

G W M 32

Wants B&D partner top or bottom. photo-Box 303 Munroe Falls, Ohio 44[illegible]

SLAVE WANTED

Ohio, M ch Penna area for discipline and correction of your bad habits Must be goodlooking and under 32 By fall CWM. 43. Write T B P O Box 20358 Cleve. Ohio 44120

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

45. 170 bs. 5'10" muscular wants submissive Daddy s boys into hot scenes SM B&D WS shaving, and all other scenes cons dered. You name it you get it Phone-Photo to Box 2099

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster 35 - 140 needs s m slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 No phone j/o

CRAIG

Rt 4. Box 266 Eufaula OK 74432 Other mid-age pic & likes

RODEO COWBOY

W 5 10", 150 lbs 25 yo. goodlooking good body seeks other cowboys to get I off in new tight fitten 501 Levis, big s ver buckles leather chaps and hot spurred cowboy boots Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather jeans and boots. Need my tight bulging crotch look care of Photos in riggen wil get m ne Box 3115

ATTRACTIVE 6 3"

Green eyed blond 26 seeking companionship and possible love relationsh p Prefer dark hair individual mascu e hairy Write to 233 W Georgia, Shawnee, OK 74801 Photo a must or ca 405) 275-4723 after 5 30 p m

OREGON

NEED SPANKING?

Your naked ass redened glowing, sensitive Asshole cock, balls ready for male s use and abuse Box [illegible]

BIG MAN

TOP 40 Good looking, hairy bearded. 6 1" 225 lbs. muscular will work your ass. cock. balls. nipples & entire body & m nd Into B&D TT W S. FF Recent photo with reply to Pete, P O. Box 42476. Portland Oregon 97242

LOVE SLAVE

K nd supportive caring and gentle but dom and aggressive. trim W/m, 41 seeks th n or musc obed ent, blue collar bottom. 18-40 Expect shared monogamous lifestyle in masc rural setting nexperienced OK Apply with photo Box 1145, Merlin OR 97532 Be ready to permanently e ocate

SLAVE WANTED

Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone walled dirt floor dungeon. Slave will live in leather uniform and naked; be trained and built in body mind and spirit Prefer well defined, smooth body but right attitude and learning capabil- [illegible] Mas e smoky [illegible] photo mandatory with [illegible] Box 3362

PENNSYLVANIA

WEIGHT LIFTER

Pr [illegible] 43 6 2 210 w [illegible] Weight lifter [illegible] 34 waist leather evi [illegible] R-dog and other good [illegible] Box 3[illegible]

MUSC BLACK TOPMAN WANTED

By attr easy-going guy 35 for steady poss perm situation Descrip to. Box 2063, Phila. PA 19103

BONDAGE

Young M looking for young S in Pgh 23. handsome 6'1" s im bu ld loves bondage. Tie my hands ankles— you re in command B&D TT S&M but no heavy pain, scat or FF Box 3348

GOT THE GUTS TO SUBMIT

To a straight-razor shave in bondage? Respectful requests for appointments (including frontal nude polaroid) will be considered Philadelphia area. Box 3378

DOMINANT DAD

Wants son who needs only what a dad can give Dad-45-6'-180-6½ Leather-B&D-S&M Pittsburgh PA Box 3424

DAD NEEDS SON

Young 18+ boy sh small trim loving, w/cute buns Dad s white slim, loving, sincere, alone, and needs petite young son for permanent relationship. Bob Nolan. Box 94. Milbin PA 17058

BLOND BLUE

30, ready, Men, only masc. musc jocks construction cops preps. execs Box 4861 Pgh PA 15206

BETHLEHEM, PA

Massage and Body Worship by Ravin Hunks lay back and I serve. 215-865-3380

GAY MEN MEET SFLY

Discrtly thru lavendr reg info SASE to Box 1041 Bala. PA 19004

PHILADELPHIA

Masterful, mature man desires obedient son to adopt Should be 21-45 willing to please 30 yr hairy 5 10" 165 lb muscled father Send qualifications phone # photo if possible Box 3438

BOOT FOOT SLAVE

W/M 34. 5'6" 140 lb intelligent and masculine, will serve and worship Master s boots and feet Into B&D tit torture, moderate S&M W/S leather levis. Travel DC NYC Northeast often RTW Box 332 Harrisburgh, PA 17108

SOUTH CAROLINA

SERVICE FOR LEATHER MASTERS

G.W/M 27 5'10", 180 lbs. hunky 7" uncut, into S&M, B&D T/T, C/B/T W S, verbal abuse and hot time w th leather MEN, especially bikers. Especially like chaps, boots, gloves, and hoods Can go top, but prefer bottom Box 3342

W M 58 WANTS HOUSE BOY

18+ photo & tel no Preference to those over 30 Housekeeping Room & board included. Box [illegible]

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure— through trust— of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, tas e and s nd of a man comfortable with h se f can p ovide The energy wan to sta e s so bas c and honest It seems few days know it exists Long sow m nd-soul fuck n s where a bed s d you do need a man w th open y and p oud y share what he knows and has you may have found your partner m 6 t 150 bs 42 y s g ey ng bla k hair beard and mustache w th a natural uncut dick tha hang a heavy 7 nches to the buddy that asks to t g d Dig sweat hair hones pipes to eskin o swingin balls and other natural delights if you are interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way Travel is poss ble Box 61

WHITE MALE - 29

6 - 160 lbs versital - first ad ever - tired of bar games - Looking for men or a man who can face l fe as it is - and work to make it better - enjoy who they are S&M not necessary but being a man is - please no bull shit - (except in fun) - PO Box 701, Johnson City, Tennessee 37601

38 YEAR OLD W/M

5 10½", 155 lb., brown eyes, dark red hair Very much into W S al kinds of ass play Greek A/P French A/P Finger & Fist Fucking No drugs fems or fats Like light S&M, leather and rubber Call 615 333-1635

TEXAS

EAGER TO LEARN

Houston Area WM. 32 5'8" 150. willing to do anything for someone who w ll teach and tra n Like moustaches trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs Box 366

DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

43, 5'8", 150 Heavy piss, raunchy socks, and tit action Photo required and exchanged Box 3045

WOOD PADDLE WHIPPINGS

Dallas Goodlooking W M 32, 5'10", 155 looking for men who are into either giving or receiving licks with wood paddles Only those who are into good school-type whippings should respond Box 3136

LEATHER IN EXILE

W M 29 5'11" 175 bs. is more than ready for hot action I've been in the country too long and need hot leathermen to remind me about W/S TT B&D fantasy trips and more. Wi ing and waiting in the pine trees of East Texas P O Box 453. Queen City, TX 75525

DALLAS BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

WM. 5'6", 140. 31 needs to serve. Into S M B/D FF TT, WS— almost anything 9801 Walnut #A114 Dal as 75243 214-669-8034

SLAVE(S) BON? LOVER?

Dominant, versatile educated professional, w/m 47 5'11", 175# accepting applications. You must be mature masculine, well-proportioned, will ng to serve Any race or age No drugs or drunks NOVICE OK— will be trained— [illegible] expected expanded? Send pic with needs des res, uses, work, etc. Hdqtrs— Houston. Naked servitude? Permanent live-in poss ble or I can travel MASTER BUD Also opening for a master Box 3329

I LOVE SEX
W/M 39, 5'10", 160, 7" Mostly M enjoy Hair muscles, big cocks love to drink beer from hot dick and get fucked hard w I do anything for the right stud Box 3362

PISS— R/F— FOOT SLAVE
Ita: an/Naut lus Clean-Shaven ONLY Dog Denny (713) 524-7629

DIAPER BOYS
Who need a strict muscular but loving Daddy to discipline, change and d aper them should contact this Texas Daddy soon. All sons must be under 35 and be as wet as possible. Box 3430

HOT TEXAN 32, 5'10", 160 LBS
Wants sweaty, funky JOCKS from real studs all across the country RAY PO BOX929 DALLAS TEXAS 75221

HOT HOUSTON SON
Handsome, masculine W M 34 6'0" 160 lbs. seeks tall well-endowed Daddy B or W to ride my ass. Travel possible Your photo necessary, gets mine. Box 3404

SPANKING
Gentleman, 58, wishes to contact young men 18-40 who need parental type spankings and paddlings Write Occupant Box 10 Rockwall, TX 75087

LOVES MATURE HAIRIES
Goodlooking 6' 200#, BB seeks hairy & superhairy mature men— stocky-heavy builds Beards/bald a plus. Correspond/meet Your explicit photo gets mine Box 3349

CHOKING
Gut punching, cutting, shaving, piercing piss, snot, spit Versatile, experimental kinky intelligent (713) 524-4559

SLAVE AVAILABLE
W/M late 20's, 5'10", 165 lbs, needs master into F/F, S/M piercing, shaving, tatoos, bondage & toilet service Please sir Box 3410

MAN TO MAN ACTION DEMANDED
By 39 yr old East Texan Phone and photo Box 3411

SLOR— 28
W/m non-smoking attr— looking for friends and possible relationship with warm intelligent guys 24-32 who have clean Christian lifestyle I am not into gay lifestyle and value family ties. I have varied interests, esp music Sinc replies only Photo appreciated Wr D Grant, Box 3961 Lubbock TX 79452

TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER
W 5 10" 150 lbs 25 yo good body seeks others into tight fitten Levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket Lets get together and rub leather tit rts hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in leather gets mine Bx 3115

FRIENDS CORRESPONDENTS WANTED
[illegible]

HOT AND HORNY
Top man 35 6'1", bearded looking for hot receptive rears P O Box 14[illegible]06 Dallas Texas 75214

I'M ON MY KNEES
Ready to service any hot stud who enjoys laying back and having total body worship Hot video tapes for you to watch while I take care of your hot cock! Call Bob (214) 521 1033

UTAH

TWO HOT HORNY TOPMEN
Looking for a new toy to play with Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together separately and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping spanking, piss, verbal abuse and exploration of all fantasies Master Larry 6'2" b/b 175 lbs., good body Master Michael 5'6", b/b, 145 lbs., 9½" and thick Applications will be accepted from real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body Don't answer unless you mean it You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo vital statistics experience resume, and phone number Send to MASTER Larry, P O Box 1104, Sandy Utah 84091

VIRGINIA

DC AREA
W/M 40, 6', 170, 7", well built and very experienced w ll take and return heavy strapping fucking C&B, and fit work Only for serious and level headed partners interested in two way classic hard action. Age is not a limit but partners will be lean with high endurance Photo required which gets mine in return Box 3341

WET FUN
W M late 40's 6' 170# into p ss fun in levis jeans, briefs, bed etc. Esp. like to teach young (18+) guys Learn a new sport! Cal Bert 804/758-5193

WASHINGTON

WM 38 5 5" 180
Horny Greek Active French A/P travel s Washington, Utah, Idaho Colorado, Albuquerque seeks friend lover— mature 20-35 Wr le Pete, Box 6385 Bellevue Wash 98007

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE!

WISCONSIN

BOOTS UP TO CROTCH
WM Booted Biker 30, 5'7" 135, Harley & BMW owner, non-smoker It dr nker into 501 levis-leather-boots— all hvy & high heeled logger, lineman, jump engineer cowboy and studs so attired No drugs, scal FF raunchy crotches, underwear Strt appr g stud into soft side of lthr Am voyeuristic— want to watch SM, maybe partic pate later Like outdoor sex, gangbangs discreet exhibitionism in holey jeans or cutoffs w/o underwear Need info on all bool mtrs that will make boots up to crotch Anyone w/ a pair of hvy lace-up or pull-on bootpants or bulfsu t? Lkg 4 lthr levis-booted biker buddy Possible relationship Will correspd all ansrd ltrs w/photos first Box 3356

REAL MAN WANTED
Milwaukee Will complete y service, worship healthy honest, open virile yet sensitive guy 18-40. Respect limits. Me 33, attr blnd, must masc strt appr 6'2" 185 stable, honest, reliable. John Box 3392

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Understanding looking same. P.O Box 492 Thiensville WI 53092

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TRAVELERS - HOT ASS
29, 6' 150 lbs. w/m, 7" cut loves to service big or x-thick meat, 18-thirties Call Sam in Laramie 307-721-8033 No j/o calls

NATIONWIDE

WANTED
Men to serve God in religious community (Catholic-Orthodox tradition) Ex-priests & religious welcomed Hispanic-bilingual candidates also needed Monastery P.O. Box 82128, San Diego, CA 92138

J/O IN A BOOK!
Collecting material for a book Write to me about your j/o: Experiences, Techniques, Fantasies or anything on j/o that interests you Photos appreciated Interested in a regular j/o newsletter? Let me know Box 3382

"I WHIP ASS"
Box 3388

STILL UNCUT?
Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies, the chosen get clipped. Box 3433

S.F., L.A., N.Y., CHICAGO
W/M, 25, 5'11", 165#, black hair, mustache and a constantly traveling hot, hairy, weight lifter seeks victim 21-35 for winner take and/or give all wrestling match when I'm in town. Your action photo gets mine. You [illegible] gets mine, etc. Send phone. Patrick 46 E. Livingston Ave., Charmette, LA [illegible]

RICH EXECS ONLY
Own and harness a young exec-Slave! Ambitious, submissive young man in exchange for position with corporation (as Director, V.P., Executive Officer) two years, five years, life service (or sell, trade him to other rich execs). Only limits: Must advance career status. Gene, (408) 741-0363. WILL TRAVEL/RELOCATE. Box 3393.

CANADA

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK
I like a man who enjoys his work. One who smiles as he trusses me up with tubing, wires, hole stuffers and the like. He whistles when testing weights on my tit rings. Hums as the fluids pass in and out of the butt plug. And winks at me, as I strung up, encased from head to foot, knowing that maybe later he's going to get it too! W/m, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Need I say more? Box 1577

VERSATILE M
Toronto. M. Pisces, 5'10", 155, [illegible] eyes, [illegible] S, 25-55, [illegible] sense of humor. M has no [illegible] experience, versatile and [illegible] toys, boots, Greek a.p., WS, bondage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs, scat. Box 819

PASSIVE 35
5'8", 180 lbs, uncut. Needs training by experienced Leathermaster. Bikers & Uniformed especially. Can travel USA & Canada. Photo & Phone Please SIRS. Box 3357

WEALTHY G/W/M
5'8, 160 lbs, muscular, 18 or 19 for lover or limited action. Inexp. OK. Bond preferred. Letter w/photo. Box 3414

BOTTOM
5'10", 185, 36 yr seeks warden/master to execute sentence b&d, s&m, shaving, toys, etc. Reply with photo/phone. Box 3413.

CANADIAN DOMINANT
WM, 29, 5'10", 150 lbs, 7", Capricorn wishes to relocate S.F. or N.Y.C. Intelligent, hot looking, [illegible] interests include weight lifting, camping, bicycling. WS, BD, FF (your ass). Versatile for right man. Wish to learn wrestling. Your photo, phone gets mine. Also wish to learn about occult, witchcraft. Box 3396

CALIFORNIA
W/M *Virgin Slave* from Canada, 38, 5'8", 152 lbs, 6½" cut, pierced (Prince Albert) needs training by firm, affectionate master. C&B, B&D, S&M. Sir! Exchange photos, phone. Box 3397

WELL HUNG 6 FT COWBOY
WM who likes the feel of a hot hand or pair of lips unbuttoning my 501's wants a pen pal to exchange hot letters and pix with anyone who gets off on rodeos, cowboys, rubbing bulging crotches together into chaps, boots, spurs, button levis, rough talk, jo, oral. Possible eventual meeting. 41, 150. Prefer ages 30-50 and sincere. A photo guarantees answer. Box 3440

PIG WALLOWER WANTED
Looking for a pig that loves to wallow in the cosmos of BLACK ORGASMIC LEATHER. Someone who enjoys the PLEASURE, the PAIN, the ORGASMIC seduction of BLACK LEATHER. This leather pig is 38 and is guided by the metaphysics of BLACK LEATHER ENERGY. Come join me for a journey through BLACK LEATHER. Send pic and itinerary to D. Le Porc, Box 5128, Vancouver, B.C. CANADA, V6B 4A9

CALGARY M
24, 6', 160 lbs, smooth musc body seeking S into bondage discipline/humiliation, w/s, and whips. Have limited experience but am eager to learn. Box-holder Box 274, Station T, Calgary T2H 2G8

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE
Know anybody here? Dominating raunchy, macho topmen in leather [illegible] caps wanted for kinky times with a [illegible] 5'6" and 190 lbs who is into bondage, ws, tit ass and c&b play. Box 3332

MELBOURNE
Mature guy like to serve virile Master as servant, slave or pupil in need of correction. Your pleasure is my ambition. INTERNATIONAL CONTACTS WELCOME. Box 3425

ENGLAND

"SEMPER FIDELIS"
London 34, WM 6', 165 lbs seeks military men, cops and disciplined leather guys who know how to give & take orders. Visits by USMC and/or other arms O.K. Short or long stay. Have bike and like outdoor life and scenes. B&D, S&M, W.S. OK — No scat. Many years experience in military including U.S. so know what to expect. Leathernecks, let's get together on active duty. Write Box 3423

GERMANY

GERMAN SLAVE
West Germany. Slave, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs, Blond, Moustache, Blue eyes, coming several times a year to the States. Interested in meeting Masters, my age or older. Into WS, Rimming, fr.a/p., getting spanked. I'm Greek passive. 7" uncut. Box 1686

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES
Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11", 160, looking for pigs into mutual and top. Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285

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M, 38, mo stache, 1.73m, 72 kg, 72 [illegible] white muscular body, black hair, hairy legs and [illegible] motorcycle BMW rider, clean. Wants a dominant masculine white man. Am masculine, obedient, respectful, quick learner, need to be brought to my knees in Service. Let me serve you Sir! Please send pic with letter. No fems, fats, FF, beard. Dont worry, I'm discreet and expect you to be the same. Box 3427

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE
Italian, 38, real sportsman, brown hair, green eyes, muscular, macho type, [illegible] I'm into heavy training, whips, FF, C&B and tit torture. Like to receive verbal abuse. Prefer bodybuilder but mainly interested in right psychological approach. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Answer with photo. Box [illegible]

NORWAY

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INTERCHAIN INTERNATIONAL
Contact organization for the macho-man. Information: Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011 or call (212) 929-5078. Leave name and address until 11pm EST

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SASE, age to: Phone Pals Club, Box 11097, San Diego, CA 92111

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For men into W/S. Name, age $1 to Tom Boire, 635A Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114 for application.

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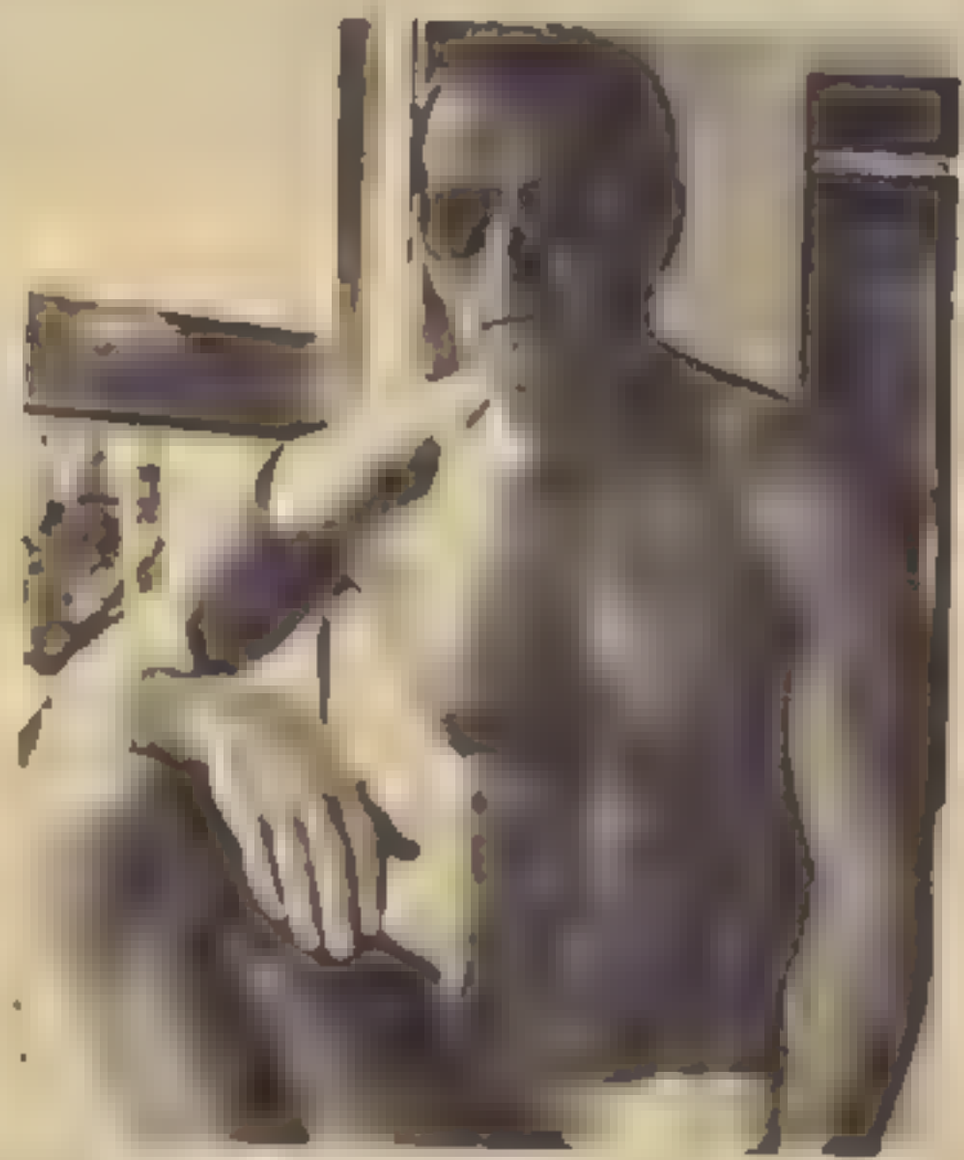

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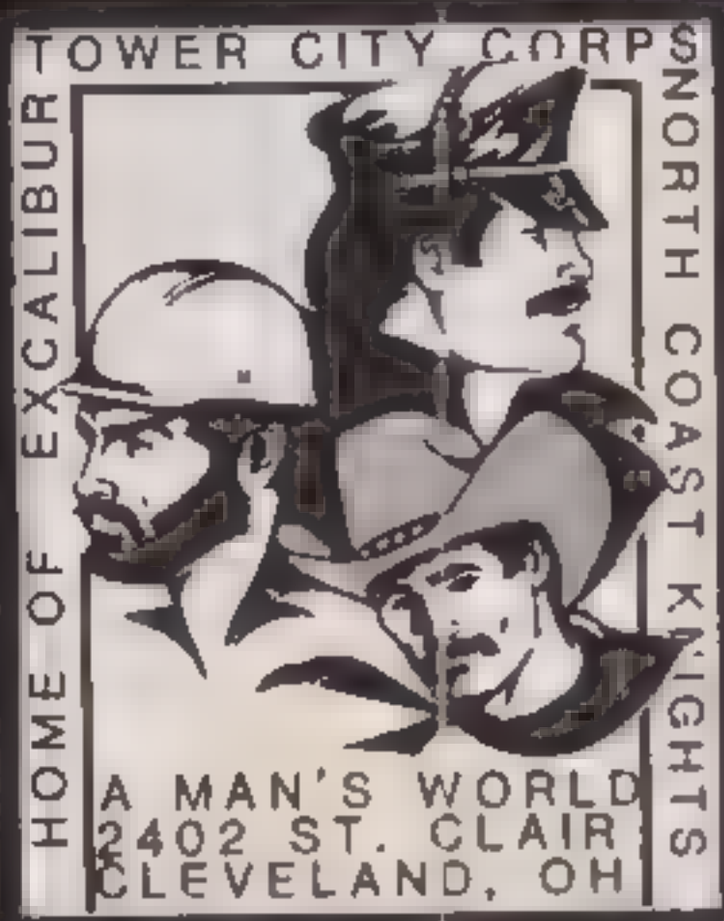
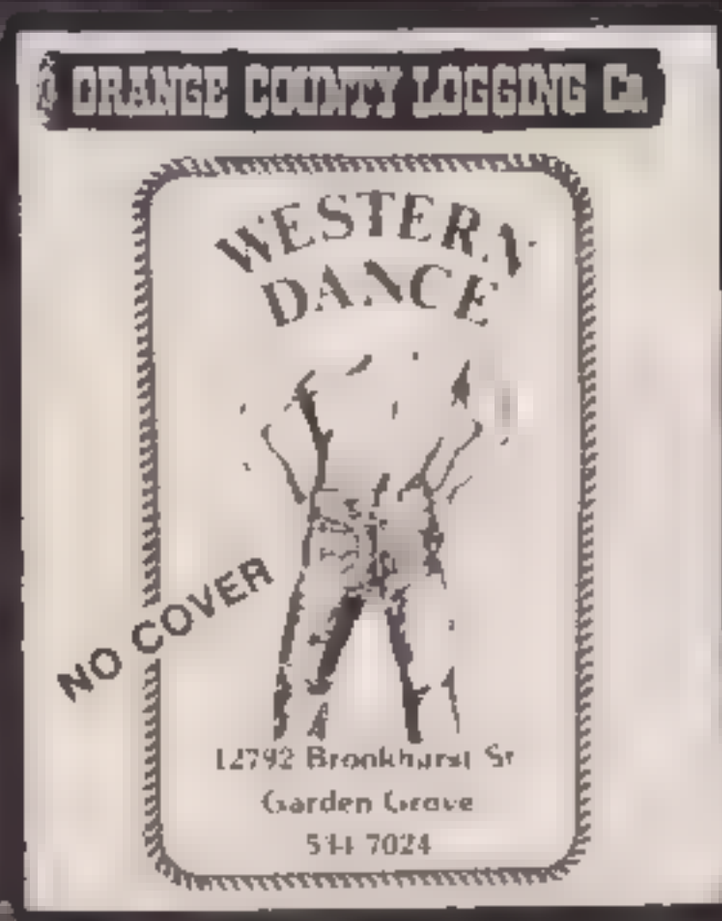
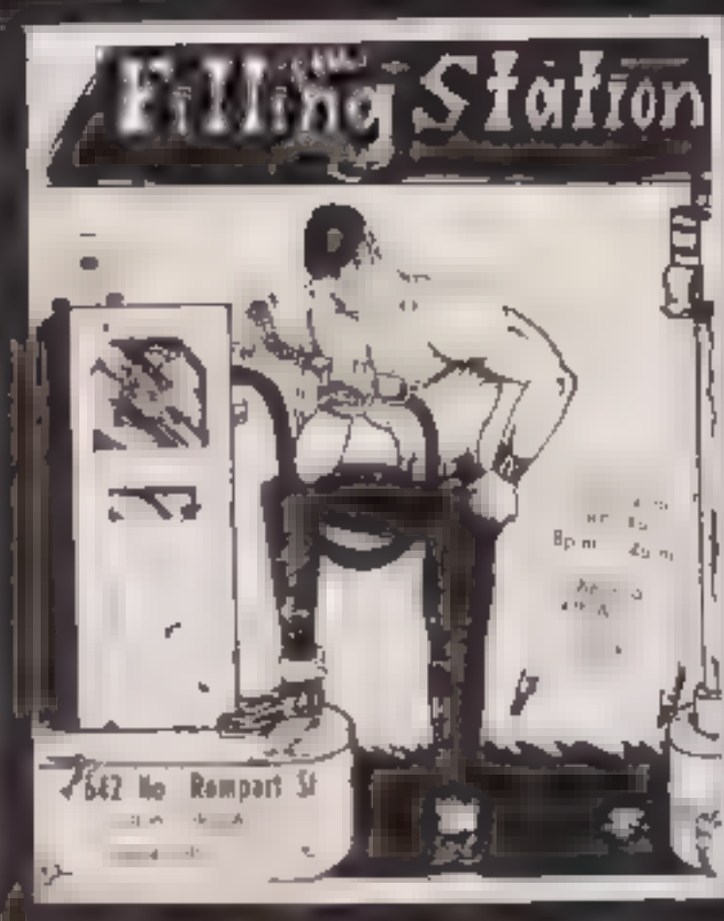
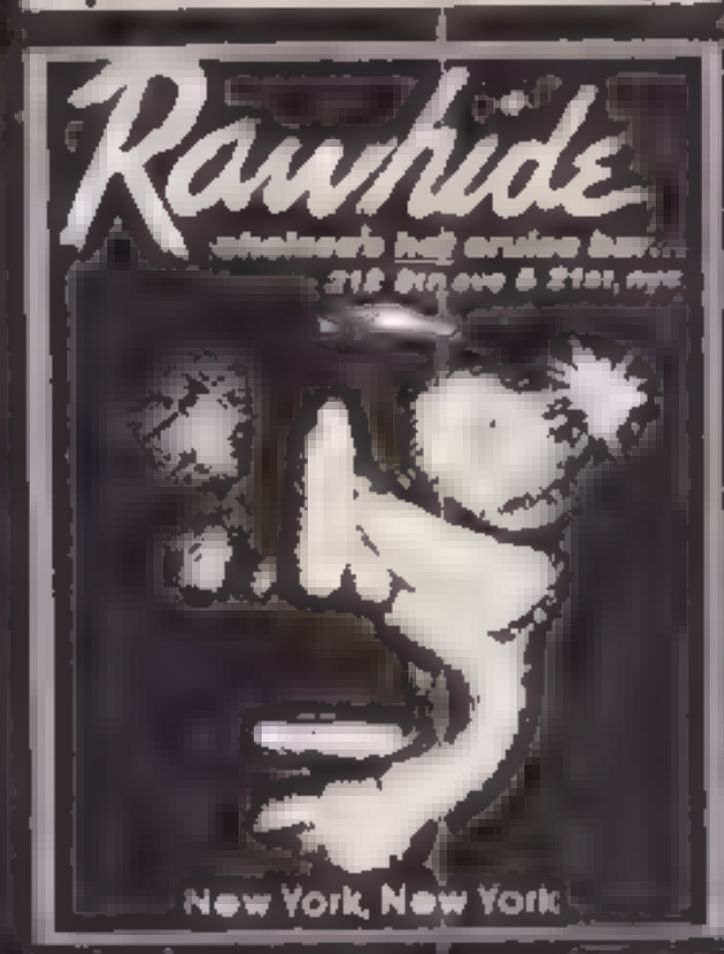
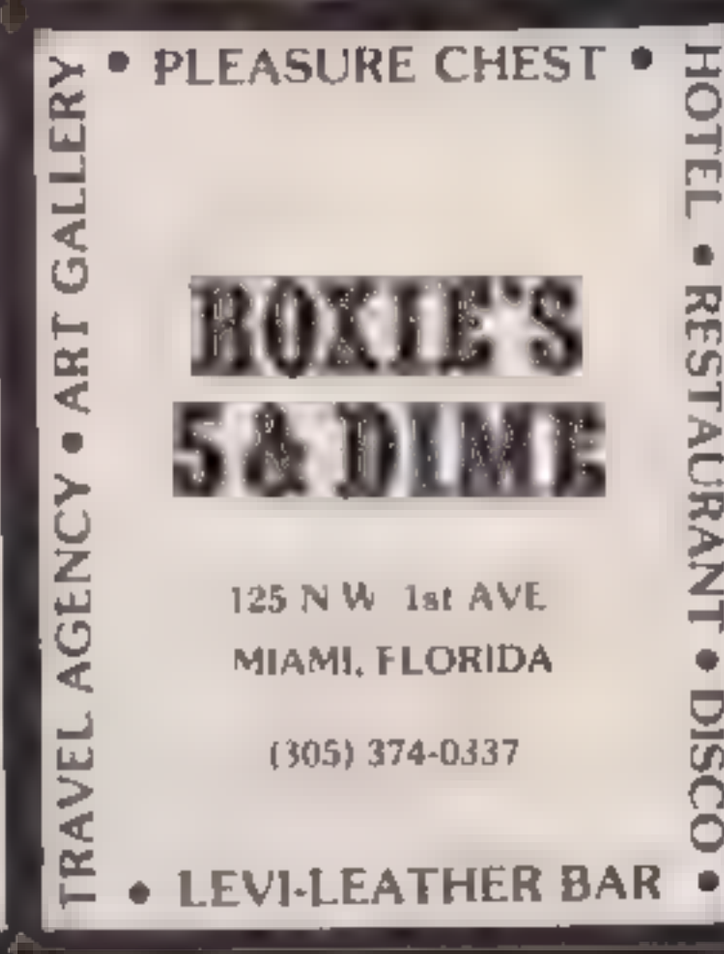
DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS

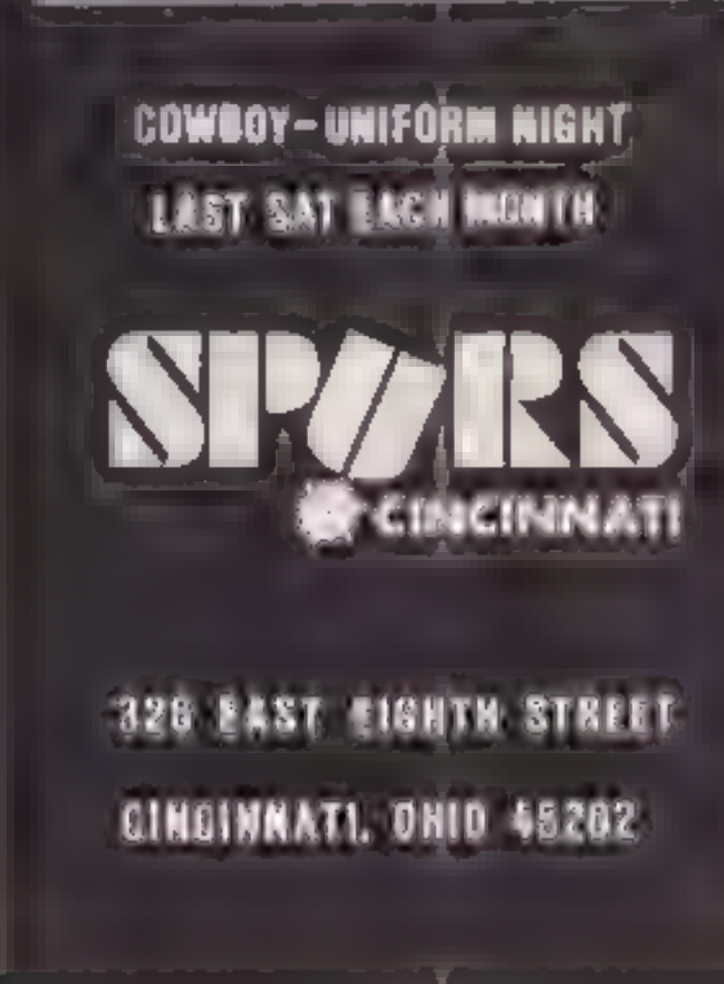


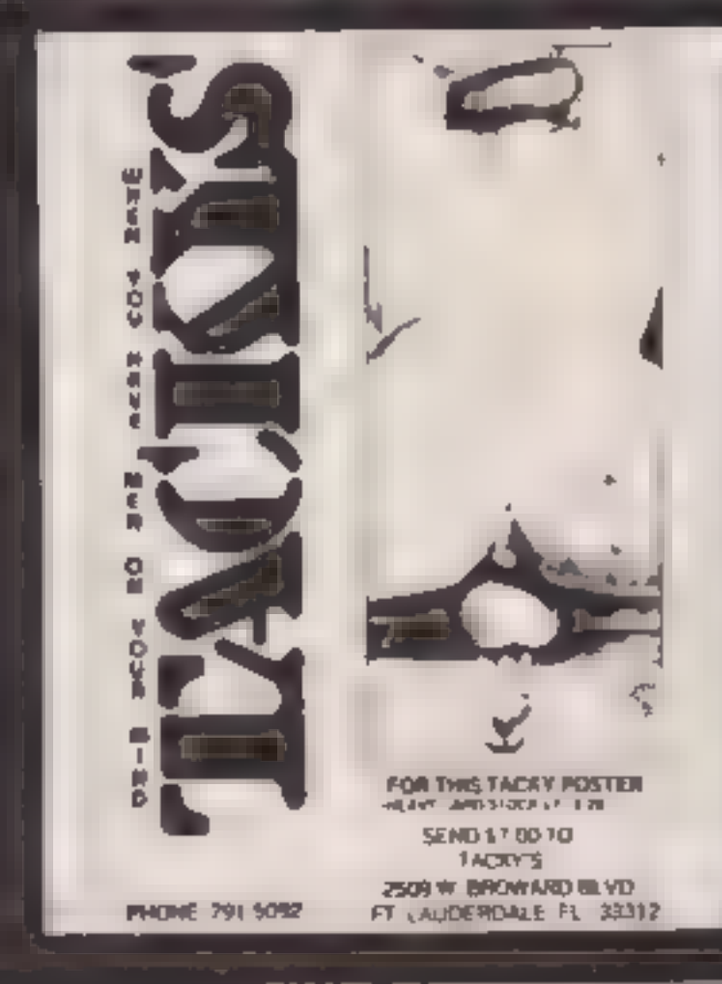


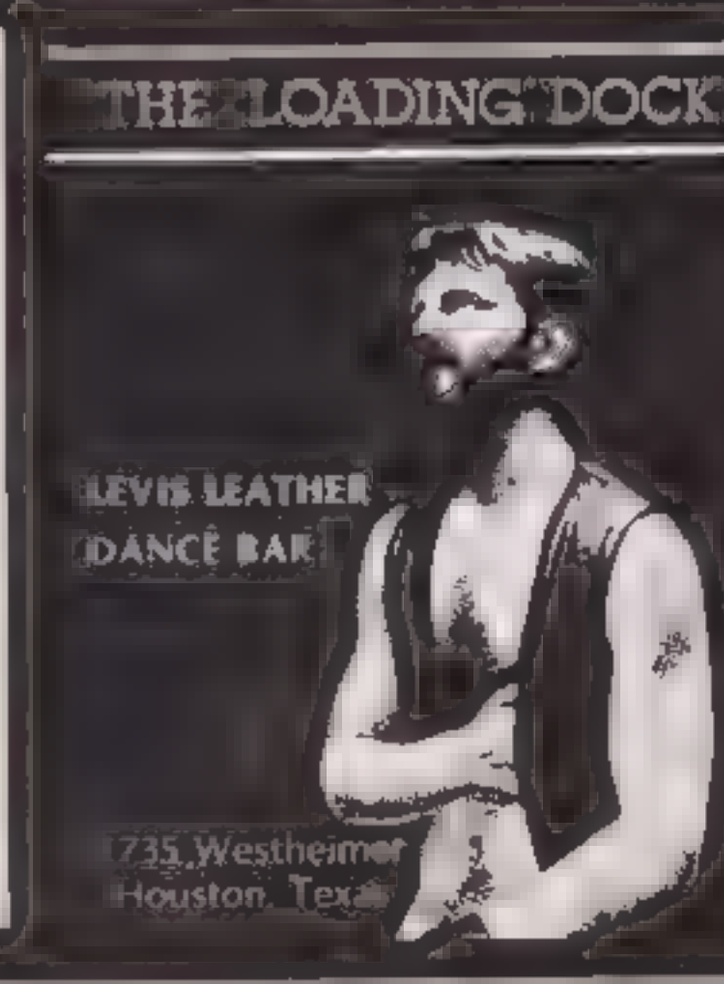












DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

CASTELPORZIANO: SEVEN YEARS DEAD

Seven years ago this past November, Pier Paolo Pasolini was murdered on the beach at Ostia in Italy. Arrested and convicted for the crime was Giuseppe Pelosi, a 17-year-old with a police record for petty crimes, thief of property, car thief, acts of juvenile delinquency, a perfect example of the subproletariat class Pasolini defended in his literature and films. Three separate, but related, events have brought the death and life of Pier Paolo Pasolini back into the public eye: the translation into English of Enzo Siciliano's masterful biography *Pasolini* (Random House, 1982, 436 pgs, $20.00), as well as a translated anthology of his poetry, as well as the release of a documentary film, *Castelporziano*.

Non-Italian movie audiences probably do not know that Pasolini was a novelist, poet, literary critic and social commentator. His published titles number slightly over fifty. His articles and editorials were published on the front pages of popular Italian newspapers, often because editors and publishers knew that Pasolini's opinions on Italian life and the Italian political system would demand immediate and widespread attention, not to mention raise points of heated controversary. More often than not, Pasolini's newspaper pieces caused headaches in high places, his unbridled and frequent attacks on the failure of the communist and socialist parties to speak to the needs of the people brought strong and often pointed reactions from the ruling elite.

Pasolini stumbled into his film career. Because he was a consummate writer, and because his circle of friends included filmmakers, Pasolini began writing screenplays. He authored sections of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*.

Pasolini published his first book in 1942, a collection of poetry that was so highly original that it brought him instant notability. By 1955 he was the center of Italy's literary world: his novel *Ragazzi di Vita*, about the lives of the subproletariats living on the outskirts of Rome, won the top Italian literary award. Four years later he produced an equally devastating and honored work, *Una Vita Violenta*, but also found himself at the center of a sexual scandal that altered both the direction of his personal life and his artistic career.

The Italians seem to have a blind eye when it comes to things sexual, at least under the right conditions. Heaven knows the Italians have at least a 2000 year history of sexual deviations and excesses. But when private matters are brought to public light, the outrage can be furious. Pasolini was caught engaged in mutual masturbation, so the police report states, with three teenage boys. Questions of the corruption of morals, of coercion, the Western paens of indignation—never arose during Pasolini's trial. He had caused a public affront by his *indiscretion* as far as the law was concerned. But the incident, a forced coming out long before such a stance was fashionable, changed

Pier Paolo.

In Enzo Siciliano's biography, the author finds patters of behavior that are coupled with Italian history, with the Catholic Church, with Pasolini's feeling about his fascist father—an elaborate framework of social and psychological reasons for Pasolini's creative and sexual urges.

So, the now-openly homosexual Pasolini turned to filmmaking. In 1961, after he and Fellini had a brief but lasting dispute, Pasolini found a producer for his first feature film *Accattone*. It was *Ragazzi di Vita* brought brillantly to life. The world of the scroungers, from which the film takes its title, was a real world in Italian subculture that was itself far removed from the life Pasolini lived in Rome, but one which echoed in the poet/filmmaker's heartbeat. A whole new style of filmmaking was being developed during the 1960s in Italian cinema, one that a was being admired and applauded all over the world; Pasolini was part of that cinematic rediscovery of form and content.

Film also seemed to give Pasolini a tighter hold on his philosophical leanings. While he was part-Marxist, he understood how well the communist party in Italy had fallen into terminal bureaucracy. While, intellectually, he was very much a part of the ruling class, he was spiritually a part of the uneducated, optionless lower class. Pasolini wanted to change the world's perspective of society in both a historical as well as immediate context through his films. The work that followed *Accattone* questioned, over and over again, the very foundation of social order

But filmmaking for Pasolini was not a bed of roses. Works like his Marxist-orientated *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew*, while bringing him international fame, split the political and social leaders of his native country. The church, ironically, praised *The Gospel*; government leaders condemned it.

His next film, *Teorema*, was declared obscene and had to stand trial in Italy while it was being honored outside the country. *The Decameron*, the beginning of Pasolini's "Trilogy of Life" films, was also declared obscene. This struggle with government condemnation continued through the making of *The Canterbury Tales* and *Arabian Nights*.

In the last decade of his life, Pasolini worked at an amazing pace; filming, writing, editting, planning—all the while a basically unfulfilled man. His relationship with Ninetto Davoli, a young Italian actor who had appeared in a number of Pasolini's films, ended when Ninetto announced that it was time for him to get married and raise a proper family. By the time *Arabian Nights* was finished, Pasolini found himself in a unique situation—the most influential living Italian and the one figure the politbureau would most like to see silenced.

A turning point came in 1974 for Pier Paolo. His mother had died (his father had long since passed away—and both were key figures in his psychological development); Ninetto had indeed gotten married; he faced constant criticism from his extremely vocal and omnipresent political critics; and he realized that he had not been able to create in films a clear-cut historical understanding he felt necessary for the evolution of the Italian social state. Pasolini turned inward, to his dark side, and created, from the infamous novel *120 Days of Sodom* his most powerful and provocative film, *Salo*. It would be his last

Set in an imaginary republic ruled by Mussolini-inspired fascists (had the Allied invasion of Italy perhaps never taken place), *Salo* is the epitome of Pasolini's hatred of fascism and political power. It is the excess of power at its most dangerous. The imagery that Pasolini once held up as the most beautiful of metaphors, the very sexuality of his subproletariat class, in *Salo* becomes the focus of all that is evil in Italian (and world) society. It was not Pasolini turning his back on the world, nor was it a death-wish fulfilled through the cinema; instead, it was to be, and succeeds as the final example of Pasolini's *reason d'etre*. What he celebrated in his "Trilogy of Life" he exposes, in *Salo*, as the dark nature he saw around him; but exposed as one would rip off a bandage covering a bleeding, festering sore to check on its progress as it ate its way into the very heart of the body it was consuming While it is impossible to know if Pasolini could have surpassed the sheer impact of *Salo* had he lived, it is unlikely.

During the trial of Giuseppe Pelosi, a number of glaring inconsistencies arose between the various confessions he gave to the police and his sworn testimony in court. Journalist Oriana Fallaci brough these facts to the public's attention; the implication in her widely-read articles during and after the trial of Pelosi was that Pasolini was the victim of a conspiracy headed by high-ranking government officals. Political assassinations are hardly new in Italy; a few years earlier the country had witnessed the brutal murder of Alberto Moro by the Red Brigade. Italian school children learn of coups and political killings from the right and the left as part of their native history. Pasolini's younger brother, who had fought against the fascist state during WWII, had himself been murdered for political reasons by the Italian communists.

The court was quick to find Giuseppe Pelosi the lone killer of Pier Paolo Pasolini, allegedly because Pasolini had tried to sodomize him on the beach at Ostia on Novemeber 2, 1975, after having picked him up at a popular hangout for hustlers in Rome. Pelosi was himse f a well-known street hustler, a scrounger, a subproletariat; perhaps a previous trick of the filmmaker. He beat Pasolini almost to the point of death with a board. While Pier Paolo lay, bleeding, still conscious, on the beach at Ostia, Pelosi drove the filmmaker's car back and forth over the body until Pasolini's heart burst from the pressure.

Because Pasolini was first known as a poet, because he was, in the eyes of the Italian *literati*, a poet of the cinema, a festival was organized in his honor to be held for three days on the beach at Ostia. Poets from all over the world would come and read, in his honor, to the public. *Castelporziano* is a documentary of the first poetry festival at Ostia. Subtitled *Poetry and Madness at Ostia*, it is also a tribute to the conflict between two worlds: one too painfully real; the other perhaps one that only exists in our imaginations, but is often equally painful. It is reflective of the daring of Pasolini as we watch poets known and unknown battle the elements, the crowd and each other for the few moments each spends in front of the microphones. It is a blend of the intelligentsia and the subproletariat that, like fire and water, cannot coexist. While words are dedicated to Pasolini, a sinking oil freighter burns offshore; militant political voices demand—to the point of disruption—to be heard, regardless of the time and place and purpose. Even the stage collapses under the burden. Gentle people cavort with wolves—the spirit of the filmmaker is personified

But Pier Paolo Pasolini understood his place in the world better than anyone else:

"Like a blind man from whom
something
will escape in death that coincides
with life itself..."

—John W. Rowberry

DRUM MEDIA BOOKS

KILLER KRISTIANS

It's probably impossible to write about the new religious right in America, if you don't subscribe to their particular set of beliefs, without a great deal of passion. And if you set out to discover the new right, as Perry Deane Young does in *God's Bullies*, to try and comprehend what rationale rules the new leaders of religious ferver, you probably have to constantly remind yourself to pull in when what you really want to do is punch out only the worst examples you find

So it becomes difficult to fault such an effort when the passion and the dirt creeps in

Subtitled *Power Politics and Religious Tyranny*, *God's Bullies* (Holt Rhinehart Winston, 1982, 356 pages, 13.50) is a work, finally, of tremendous courage and unbridled passions. Everything you've ever suspected about the morons that run religion in America is, it turns out, true

Starting with his own childhood amid southern religious oppression, Perry Young has to face up to the open hypocrisy of his environment and the fact that he is, himself, out of step with his ancestory. Perry is openly gay. In fact, his name may sound slightly familiar— he co-authored *The Dave Kopay Story* with the former football player who came out

Perry Young has considered what went wrong with contemporary society and focuses on two cultural events that he feels led up to the current christian fundamentalist assault: Jimmy Carter and Anita Bryant. While both ultimately failed (Carter losing the second bid for the presidency and Bryant reduced to a ridiculous figure), from this fountainhead sprang the current shadow-governments of Falwell, The Moral Majority, and Richard A. Viguerie— the right wing direct mail millionaire who feeds funds into the ultra-right camps. Add to them a host of demi-gods· Jesse Helms, Terry Dolan, James Robinson, The Heritage Foundation, Coors, and Edward McAteer, and you have what cannot be called anything other than an attempt to violently overthrow the legitimate American government— a horror story presented as an illustrated biblical text

Young actually went out and sought the heads of this pseudo-nation of fundamentalists, a brave act considering the tone and depth of some of his questions, and came back with interesting results. He calls Terry Dolan (the head of NCPAC, the wealthiest of the political action funds dedicated to electing fundamentalists and defeating liberals) a homosexual, confronts the man with his contemptuous life, and lives to tell the tale. His evidence against Dolan is damning. But the underlying truth is even more deadly: that a gay man could actively support the denial of rights to other gay men and could openly work for their persecution. It's no easy revelation

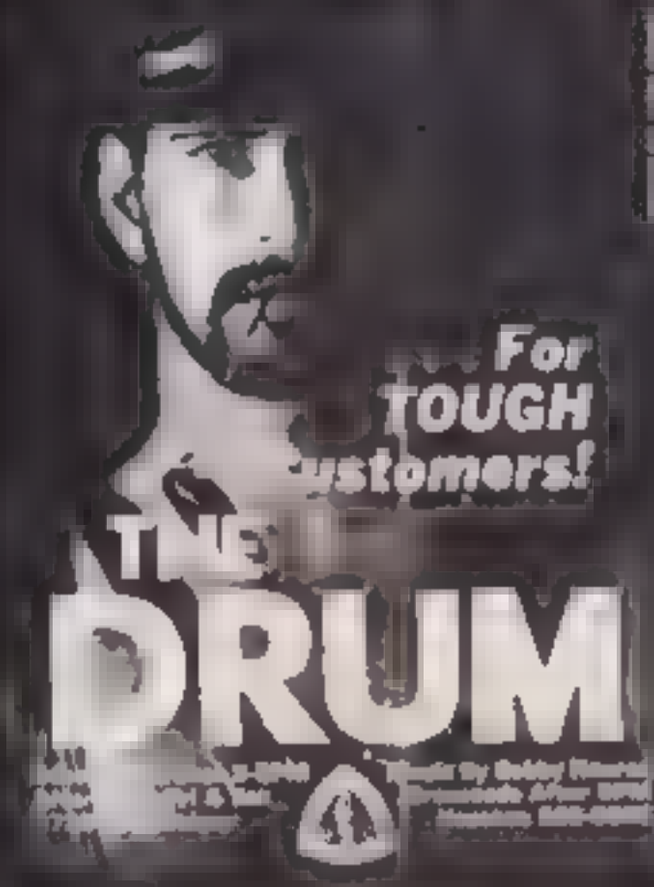
While the Dolan scandal has gotten the lion's share of media attention since the release of *God's Bullies*, the other disclosures warrant as much attention. Young trained with Falwell's fundraisers to write about how the Lynchburg-based religious community operates, and the conclusion recalls another horror story to the reader's mind, Jim Jones and the Guyana People's Temple. Jones was no more a lunatic than Falwell, only the ultimate manifestation differs. While Jones demanded and ultimately achieved complete moral and physical domination over his followers, Falwell, for now, is content with the luxurious, gouche, lifestyle religious power has afforded him, and the hob-nobbing with the stars of the Washington circus he counts as his due. As for his effectiveness in national politics, it turns out to be less than he seeks. Conservatives on both sides of the Old Testament have denounced Falwell as a charlatan and a fool, with Senator Barry Goldwater going so far as to suggest, in public, that good christians should kick Falwell in the ass for his stupidity and arrogance.

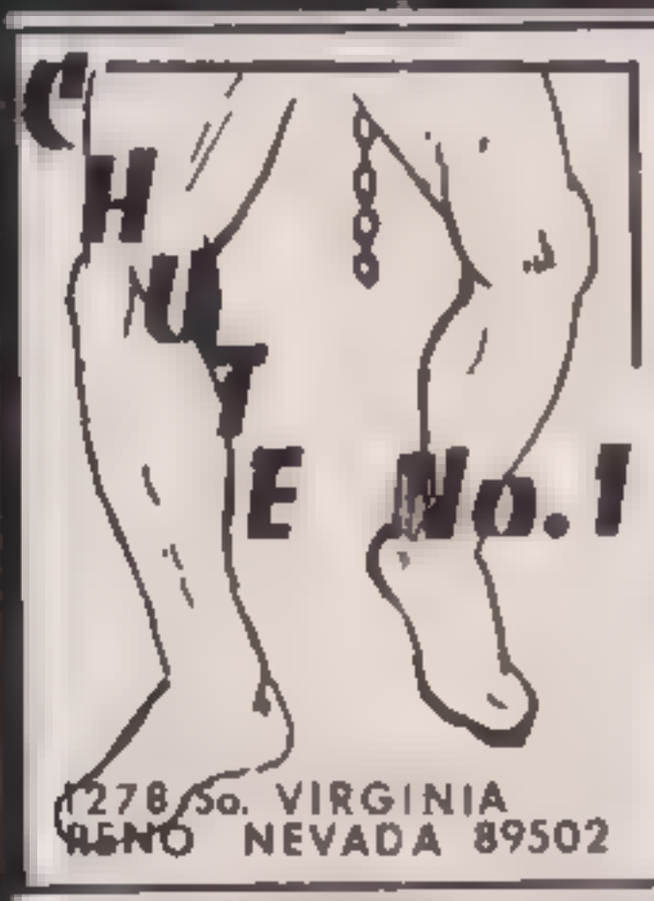
But Young has more than the insides of the current new right to disclose. A little American history, told well in one chapter, points out the basic illusion of the new right. Ours was a country based on freedom *from* religion as much as religious freedoms, and America's founders were very clear how the Declaration should be worded to insure that the hordes of English religious fanatics would not get the hold they sought over the new land. The separation of church from state was paramount in the minds of our forefathers, and Young quotes the documentation to back it up. He also quotes the lack of knowledge TV ministers like Robinson and Falwell have about the founding of America in their endless broadcasts. He also reproduces a good deal of the hate mail these organizations send out to raise money He unearths a surprising number of tainted land deals and construction boondoggles the Falwell organization, among others, has been and is involved with, the biggest of their three money-getters (the other two are a constantly-used cry for money to keep the broad—casts on the air quoting non-existent immediate power cutoff, and the famous 'war' on homosexuals and communists)

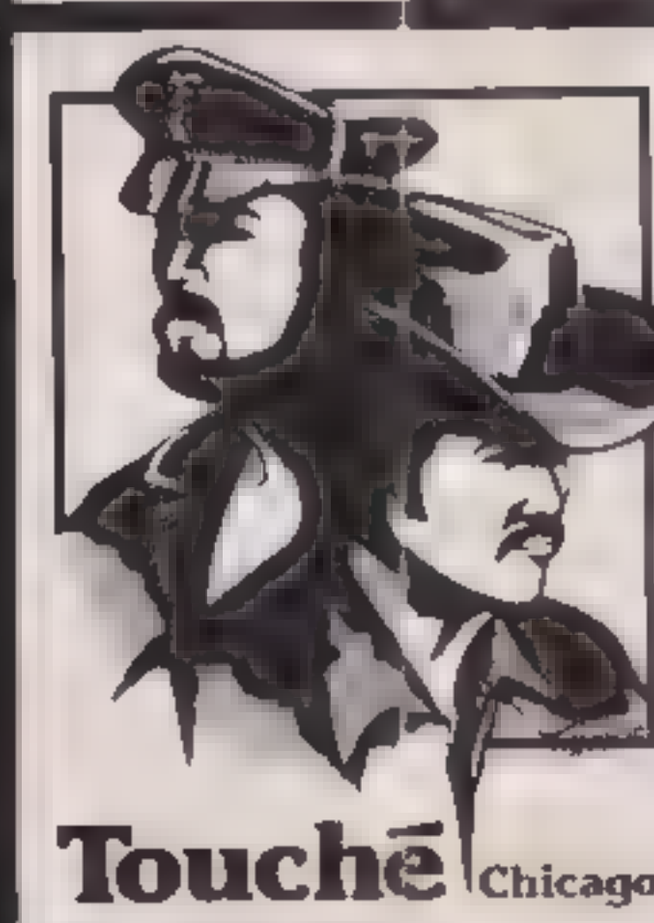
Young's book manages to constantly stay readable and fascinating, even when his personal history and environment are the focus— a major achievement given the very droll nature of the new christian right as subject matter. And *God's Bullies* also makes you mad, first at yourself for being victimized by the likes of Falwell *et al*, and second to realize that you live in a society that not only allows such excesses of persecution, but seems to encourage them. But the question is, will it make you mad enough to fight back?

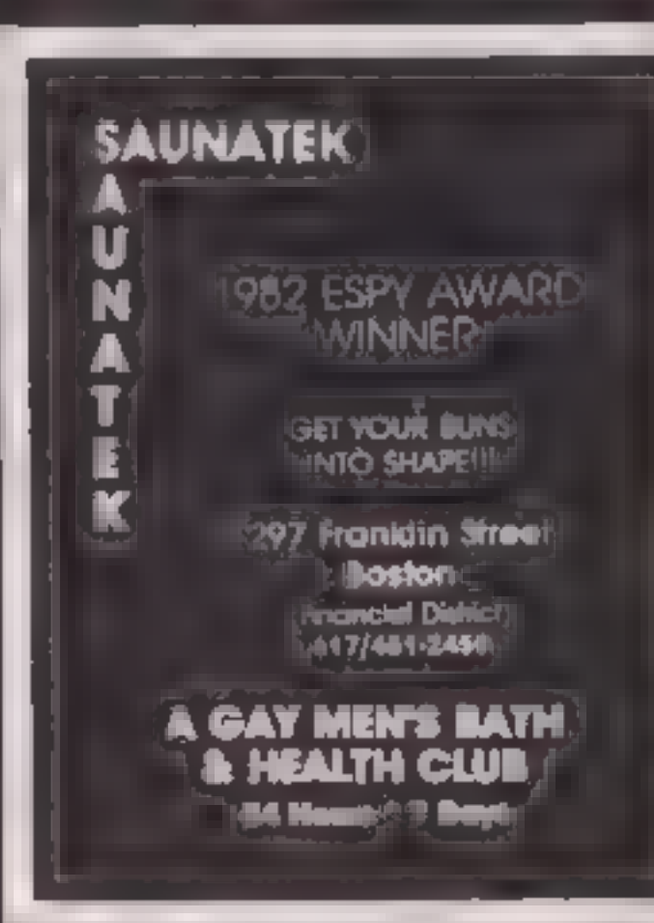
— John W Rowberry

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS









DRUMMEDIA ART

EISENBLATTER LEATHERMEN

After his successful show of images from America at the Singer Museum in Holland, Michael Eisenblatter is moving on to an unusual and sure to be controversial one-man show at the Gallery Krek in The Hague, the government center of The Netherlands. The completely gay oriented exhibition will include color as well as black & white images of everything from the boy next-door types to construction workers, bodybuilders, and leathermen

Eisenblatter is one of Europe's most exciting gay photographers and has been unique in conquering the usually conservative mainstream gallery circuit with his provocative images over the past year. But even Eisenblatter sees The Hague show as a real test. It opens February, 1983

JOHN PRESTON COMES OUT

An auspicious opening in a surprising locale: novelist John Preston reveals his semi-secret life as a photographer when his one-man show, *Men by John Preston*, inaugurates Cycles, the first leather bar in Portland, Maine

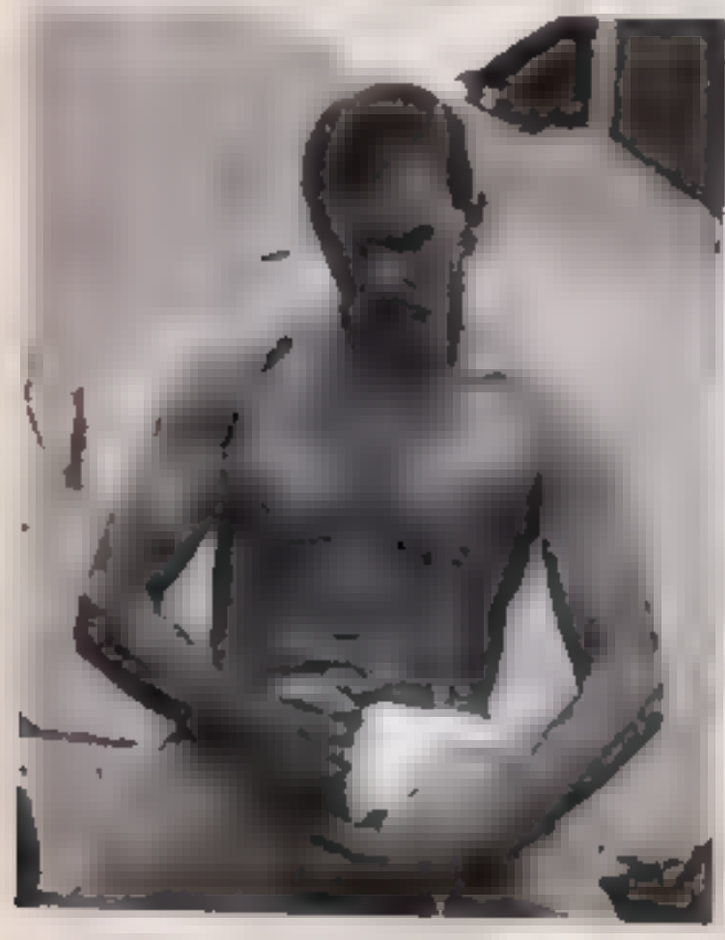
Preston authored the popular novel *Mr. Benson*, which was serialized in *Drummer*, as well as *Franny, the Queen of Provincetown* (Alyson Press, 1983) While he originally wrote *Mr Benson* under the pseudonym Jack Prescott, the publication of the contemporary classic SM novel, which is expected soon, will bear his real name. For years Preston photographed the SM world around him under the pseudonym Yank. His photographs first appeared in *Drummer* and *Alternate*. This show, the debut of his photography under his real name, is drawn, in the main, from those images plus previously unpublished photographs

Cycles, the Portland, Maine bar hosting *Men by John Preston*, was founded by Tom Corbett and Tom St. John, two for real estate agents who were fired from their positions with a prestigious firm in Ogunquit, Maine when it was learned that they had been instrumental in providing background material for a feature article John Preston wrote for *Torso* magazine on Ogunquit as a gay resort

Men by John Preston opens December 11th and runs through the end of the year. Cycles is located at 50 Center Street, Portland, Maine

DRUMMER'S RESORTS

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



JOE/LOS ANGELES
Strictly J/O and jock straps. T.C Box 1044

TOILET/WASHINGTON
Respectfully 6'2", 185 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes wants duty as full service toilet pig. Will gladly accept submissive exhibitionism, humiliation and verbal abuse, spit, snot, etc, eating, drinking hot male filth give complete body worship. No heavy pain trips (the trip is the toilet). T C. Box 1046

DREW/CALIFORNIA
Rotisserie Sex: Full rounded men do what they want done to them. Ergo: any top willing to play bottom (or bottom willing to play top) for a time and able to rotate roles comfortably several times during a night of sessions, get ahold of Drew, who is 6'3", 220 lbs., and is turned on to shaving, muscles, firm beer bellies, chewable nipples and chrome. T.C Box 1045

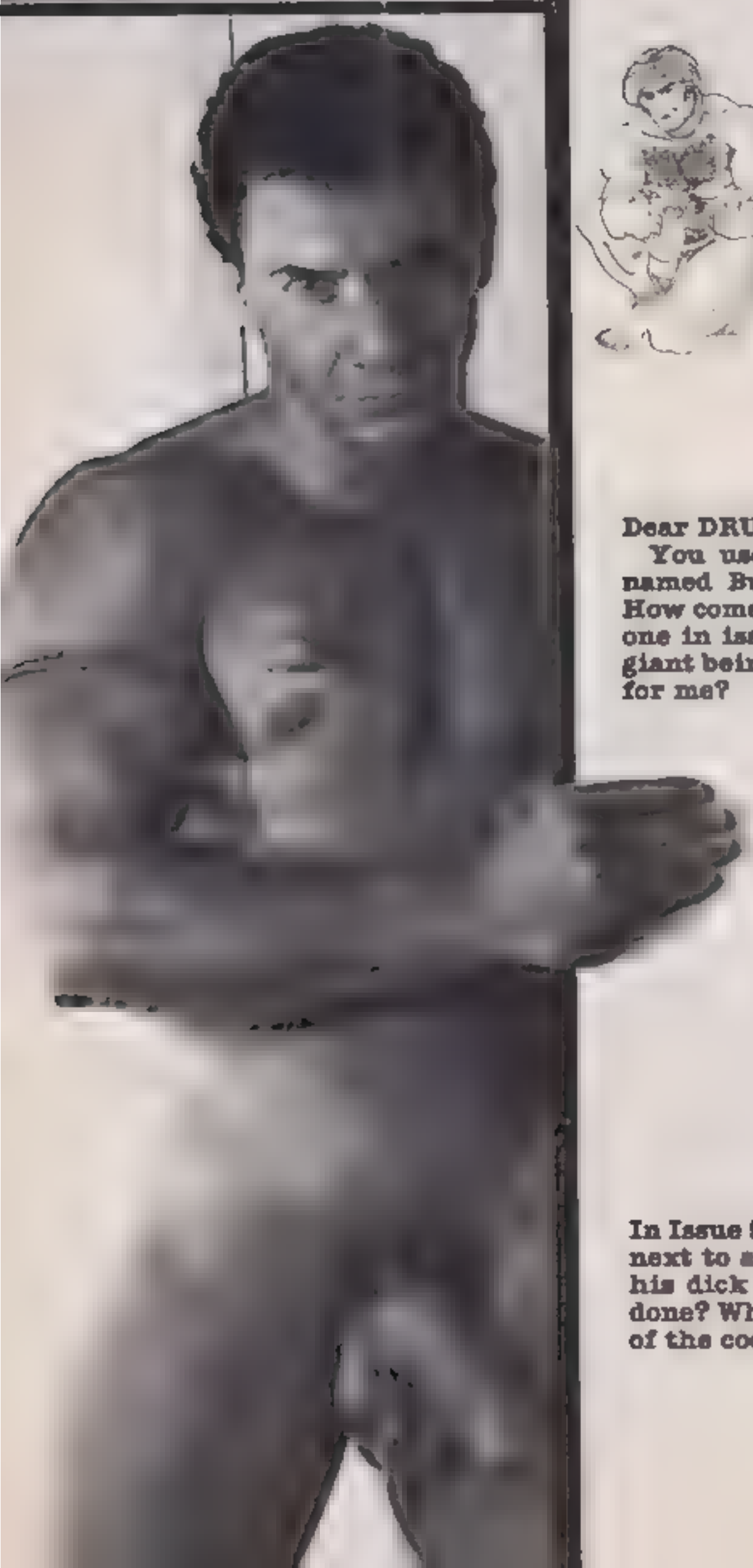
STUD/BOSTON
This Bostonian is no Puritan. Experienced 5, hairy and hung, welcomes applications from any masochists into bringing slavery back to New England. Have leather equipment, toys, playroom. Visitors welcome. Spend a weekend in my cellar. T.C Box 1047

HORNY/ENGLAND
This 34 year old bearded London guy is very pro-American. He would like to hear from clean-cut American guys who, like himself, enjoy displaying their beautiful bare bottoms. He would also like a hot tongue probing his inner-most depths. Roger/England. T C. Box 1048.

ARE YOU TOUGH ENOUGH FOR DRUMMER?

If you got hot stuff and want to show it off to the world, then this is the place. Send a clear photo of what makes you tough and a brief description or message. If yu want to hear from the guys who read this section religiously, include your name and address. But anyway, stud, sign your photograph on the back and declare that you're over 21 years of age

YOU ASKED FOR IT!



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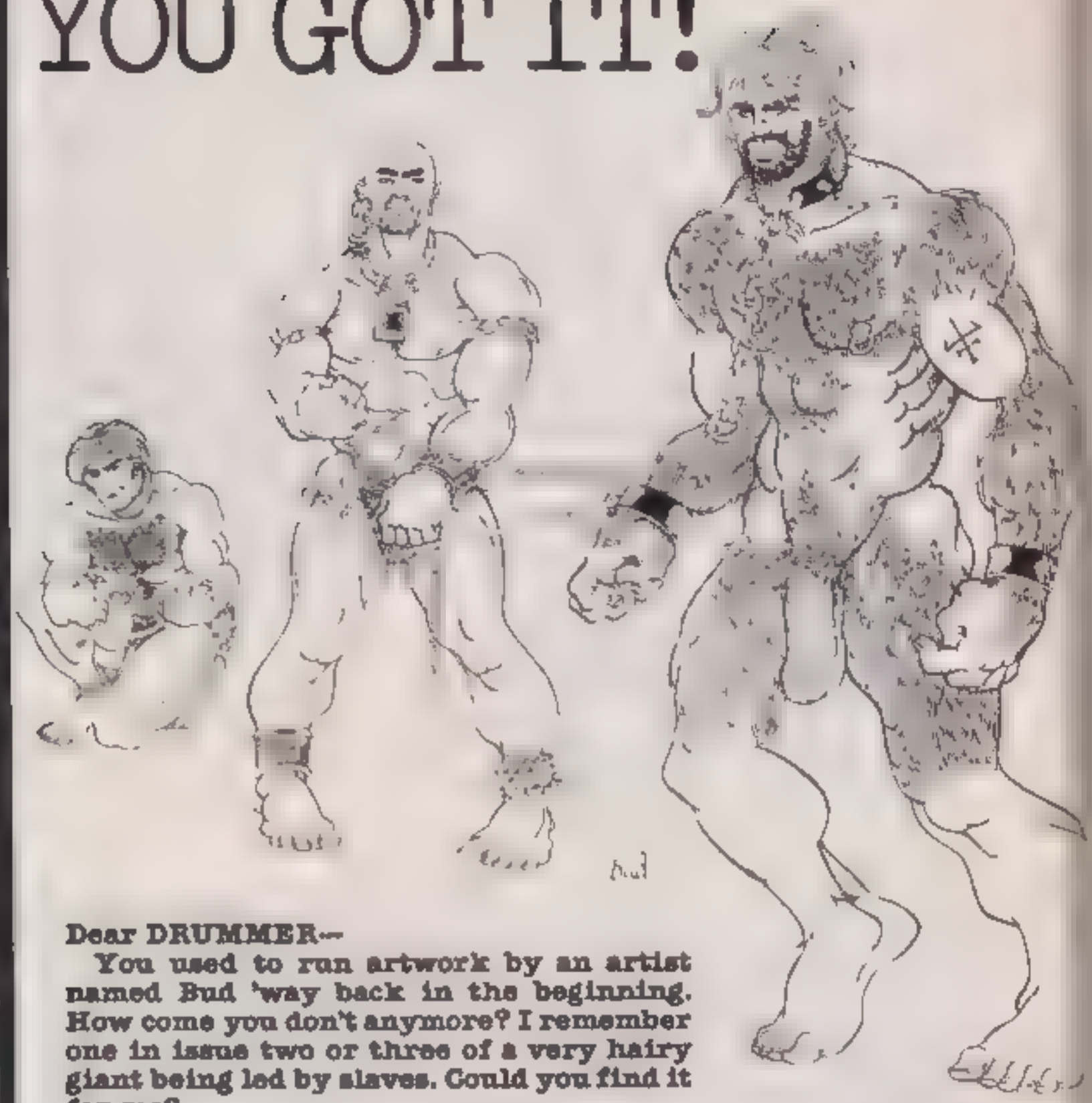


Dear DRUMMER—
You used to run artwork by an artist named Bud 'way back in the beginning. How come you don't anymore? I remember one in issue two or three of a very hairy giant being led by slaves. Could you find it for me?

E.J./Topeka, KS

^

No one seems to be able to get work out of the very talented Bud anymore The centerfold you speak of was in issue #3 Occasionally he does a cover for PFI, a quarterly journal on piercing put out by Gauntlet. For more information on PFI write Gauntlet at 850 N. San Vicente, West Hollywood, CA 90069

In Issue 56 ("In Passing") you have a slave next to a motorcycle, tied to a cross with his dick chained to his tits. How is that done? What connects the chain to the head of the cock?

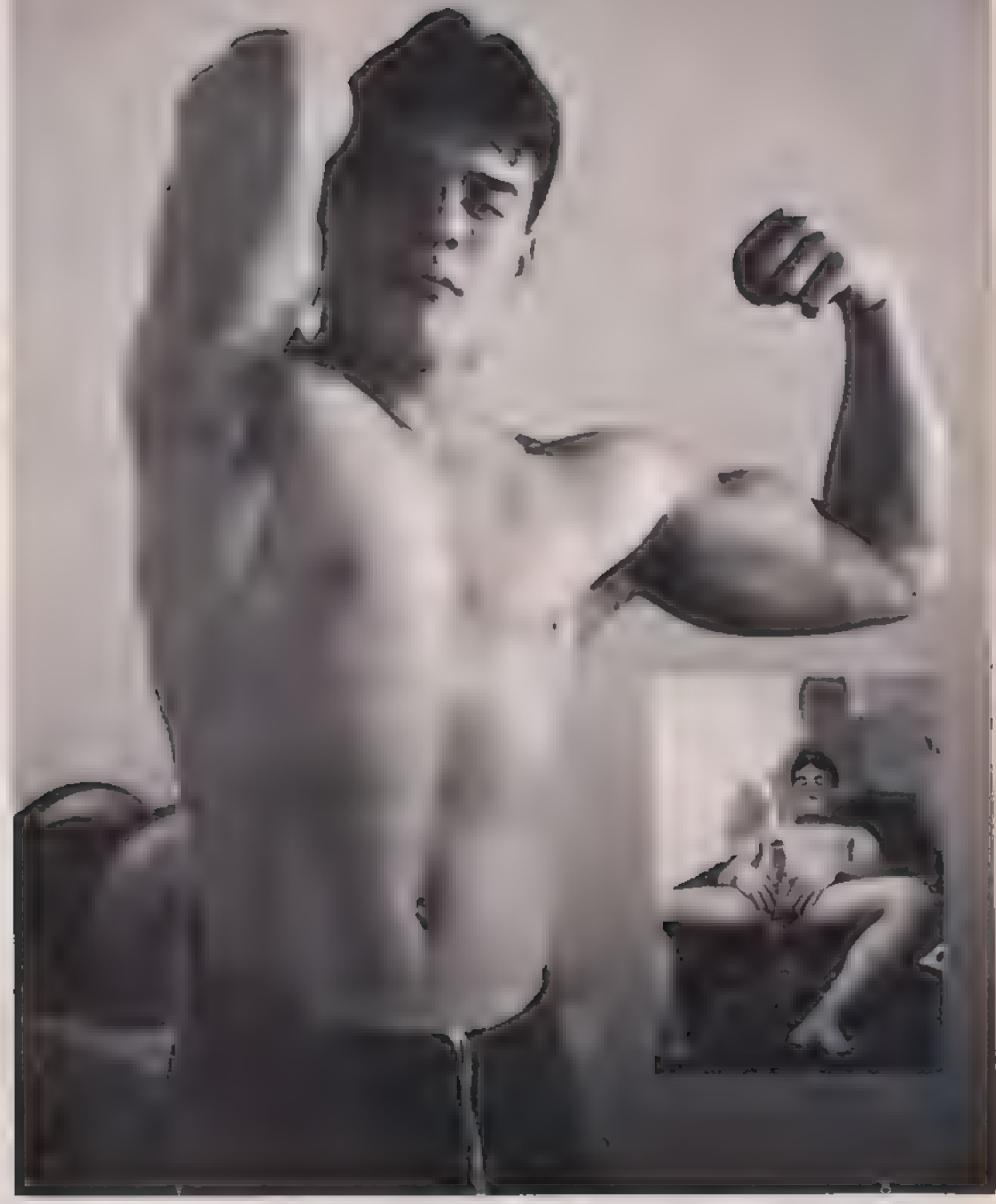
M.C./Oklahoma City, OK

We asked Mark Chester the photographer to make > sure and he supplied this photograph (at right). The ring through the head is a Prince Albert and is growing increasingly popular

I heard that there is a toe fucking scene in a recent movie by Falcon. Do you have a shot from it and what movie is it?

R.L./Houston, TX

The secene is an unusual one from Falcon's "Style" Here is a blow up from the film itself The movie, but not the scene, was in our article on Video ("The Video Explosion" Issue 54) featuring Todd Barron (fuckee) and Jim Kramer (fucker)



There are a couple of shots of a hot dude who looks like the real thing in a Mr. Video tape called "Leatherneck." Is that all you are going to show of him? Let's see his front including his gun (and I don't mean rifle).

D.B./N.Y.

Here is the same Leatherneck from Mr Video whose address is 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

LONDON LEATHER

This has been the year for the gay competitions in London. It's taken the city many years to catch up on a phenomenon which the States has been enjoying for years

The first one held at the beginning of September was the Mr Subway Competition, held in honor of the club of the same name (incidentally, it's just had a jacuzzi installed—the first permanent one in a London club.

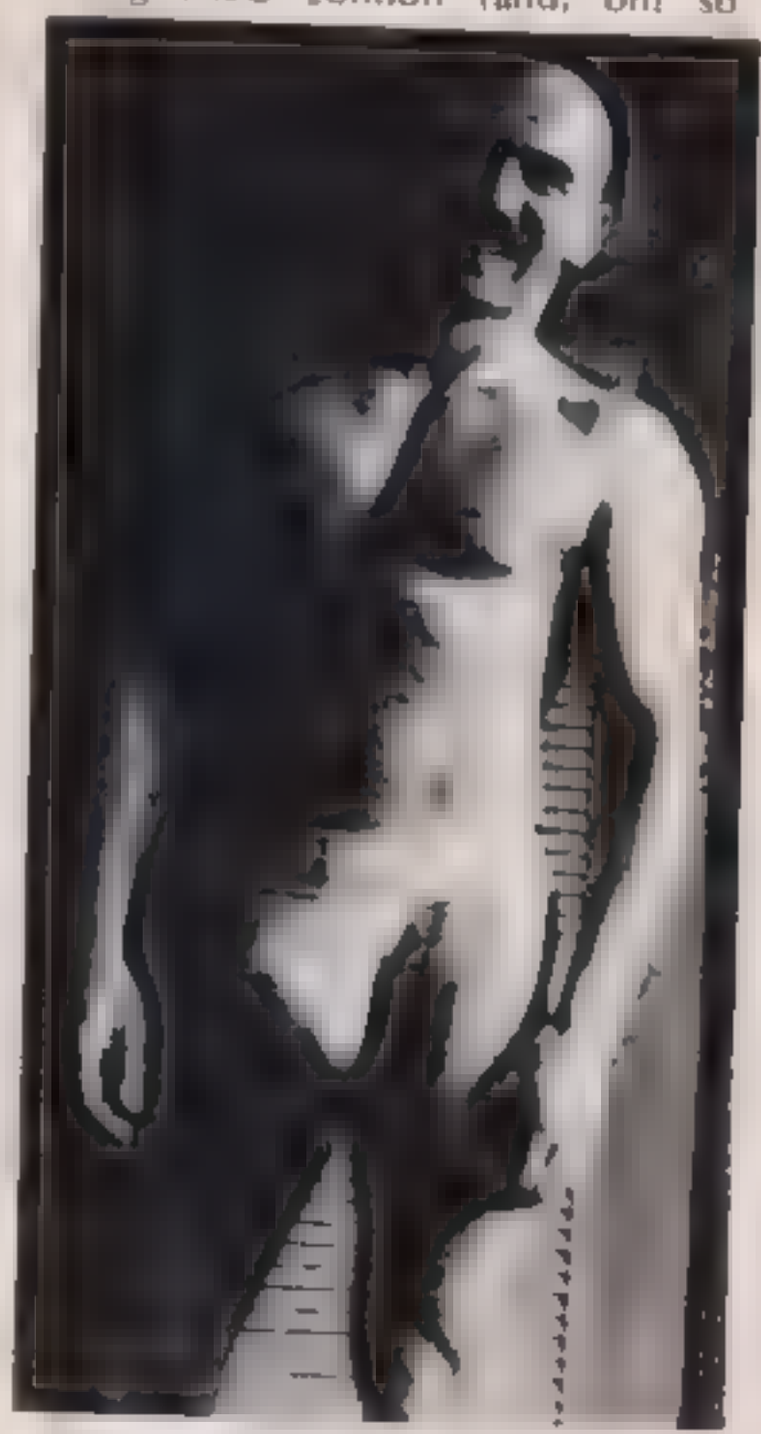
Subway held a number of preliminary heats but seemed to have a hell of a time getting contestants at all First prize was a weekend in Amsterdam, but even this did not encourage entries in the numbers they'd expected Eventually around twenty guys were persuaded to take part in the finals. The evening was hosted by The Trollettes, still London's favorite leather drags The competition was won by a very sexy Mike Dow, age thirty-four, with a superb body (see photo). Such sexy buns! The winner was automatically entered in the Mr. Hardware U K Ltd Competition, held later in the same month at the same club

This one was a bit more organized and attracted a lot more entries. The preliminary heats were held up and down Britain. The winner of each heat spent a weekend in London for the finals. First prize went to Mike Stevens, which included a vacation for two in the United States. Contestants in this competition were of a much higher calibre and the finals turned out to be an exciting and long evening (the judges couldn't decide on a winner until near 3AM). The competition was video taped with copies going to all the clubs that had participated

MSC London, the city's social leather club, held a huge camping weekend in Kent. A hundred and fifty guys spent five days under tents, miles away from the world. The whole thing was kicked off on the Friday night of our annual summer bank holiday season. Unfortunately, I got conned into helping take the booze and food down to the site in a three-ton truck. The vehicle had seen better days and a journey that should have taken two hours at the outside took five. Consequently, the other guys had been waiting in the middle of this forest for three hours With no booze and no food. Such a cheer went up as we nosed into the campsite; things livened up very quickly. A large beer and food tent had been erected and the cooks got to and prepared supper fast Meanwhile, MSC London president Tony Lombard was mixing what turned out to be a rather lethal cocktail. A huge bonfire was lit and by 2:30AM everybody had gotten down to fucking

The following day was the first time I saw the campsite in daylight. Tents sleeping five to six were encircled around a huge bonfire. Guys from all over Europe came for the event, over half from outside England, the largest group from France

On Saturday night MSC London being MSC London (and, oh! so



grand!), had organized a formal sit-down dinner! In the middle of this bloody field! It dragged on for hours as toast after toast was made by precious member after precious member. Once all this was finished, the tables were cleared and MSC London presented a one-hour cabaret

The rest of the event was taken up with a sports day, bike and car rallies, a 24-hour beer bar, and lots of fucking and sucking. I really enjoyed myself. I even surprised myself with what you can do in the confines of a tent! Thank heaven the poles were strong

The Cellar Bar at Heaven—Europe's largest gay disco, and in central London—has taken off in a big way. The Thursday All-Leather Night is just incredible. I never knew London had so many sexy leather guys just raring to go I still can't figure out where the hell they are the rest of the week! If you're over here on vacation, it's a must! But bring your passport with you if you want to get in. The Cellar is open only on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Thursday is all leather and Friday and Saturday sees a slightly relaxed door policy—though no ravers or textile queens have been allowed in

With the Cellar's rise in popularity, Subway has been in a decline. The club that gave us the first seven-night-a-week US-style cruise bar now can't make up its mind what it's supposed to be. It has introduced a cabaret policy which baffles me somewhat. We have a long-running soap opera on commercial TV here called *Coronation Street* It attempts to show working class life here in the north of England. But its stars have become gay cult heroes. With Subway encouraging this by booking various actors from the cast to give music hall type acts. Consequently it's not sure whether it's a variety club or a raunchy cruise joint

The London Apprentice pub in east London— affectionately termed the LA to give it a US flavor— has had a dramatic effect on the gay scene in the city. It especially hit the Spreadeagle, London's other social gay leather pub, which has been forced to close its Sunday evenings. LA is the great success story in London at present. Everyone's going there. It has a great advantage over other gay pubs because it's open till midnight, an hour longer than most of the competition

Another success story, though not as dramatic, is on the other side of the Thames, in south London. A bar opened recently called Quintin's Although it's taken a few months to get going, it's now become very popular So popular in fact that the entire pub has now gone gay, with a front bar concentrating on heavy cruise action and the back having a more chatty social scene. It's on Clapham High Street by the way, and there are plenty of tubes to get you out there from central London

- Bryan Derbyshire

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

CLEVELAND—It's going to be a long cold winter, but the Tower City Corps plans to heat it up on Feb. 11, 12, and 13th with their big First Anniversary bash, *Avalanche '83*. The hottest raunchiest leather men around the Great Lakes will be doing their thing. If your crotch needs a workout or that hole needs plugging, then this is where you need to be. The cost, when you consider the tab for most runs, is cheap.

cheap, cheap. $40 each before January 1st and $50 thereafter, hotel accommodations are separate. If you're interested, and who wouldn't be, drop in at *A Man's World*, 2402 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, OH 44114, or call them at (216) 694-9823. Don't wait and wonder if you should go, you'll only kick your ass when you find out how hot the whole affair was—and you missed it.

SAN FRANCISCO—*Mr. Leather of California*. You never head of it? No wonder. San Francisco's arbiter of leather, Mr. Marcus, has just patented the name and will be exhibiting all that flesh on Saturday, April 2, 1983, with Wayland Flowers and Madame doing the emceeing. Mr. Marcus' column can be read in *The Voice* (San Francisco, not Village) on a regular basis and it is the best overview of the leather community outside of these pages. His wit, which can bite at times, is only excelled by his knowledge of the who, what, where and how's that he divulges. No one, but no one, in or out of San Francisco can ignore what he has to say. The question is: Can the persauasive Mr. Marcus induce Madame to enter the contest in her leather drag? It will be the biggest show of the spring season in a town that is terminally jaded by so many contests and events. Miss it at your own peril. Final note: The judges and contestants will come from Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Jose, and San Francisco.

DENVER—*Winterfist!* These guys, the Knights of the Golden Eagle, have an ad elsewhere in *Drummer*. Why the fuck is it that the parts of the country with the coldest climates seem to come up with the hottest action? A wag would probably respond, 'What else can you expect when the sap rises?' *Winterfist* takes place in the Mile High City on December 11th. If you can't make it because someone in the family is on his or her deathbed (the only reason I can imagine to stay away), then try to recoup your losses by investing in Crisco stock, it should rise quite a few points. Red will be the color of the day. Where is it going to happen? Where else but at the Hot Delivery. I can just picture all those hot, anxious asshole sweating and pulsing for the heavy fists and muscular arms. Here's your chance to get filled and fulfilled!

WATERBURY—Yes, the Thunderbolts M.C. of Waterbury, CT are doing it at The Quarry in Springfield, MA on the first Saturday of each month until May. Take the Boston Exit off I-91 North to Dwight Street to find the humpiest guys New England has to offer, plus Prizes, surprises, entertainment and rattles.

Just look at all the above and can you doubt that it's out there if you want to become involved? More and more leather men are finding each other and banding together to explore each other's potential. We're a small minority, but we epitomize what is best about American manhood. We work out our hangups and let the shit fly! We have a commonality of interests which isn't only pride in being gay, but in our vibrant manhood and sexuality. We throw back into the faces of our critics their own sense of insecurity. There is a lustiness and raunchiness in our attitudes which harkens back to the rough, vulgar, earthy frontiersmen who made this fucking country so great. Ohio and New England, with their Puritanical Shaker sects, which epitomized a closed, narrow society, evidences this healthy evolution. The Tower City Corps and The Thunderbolts are only two examples of where men can stand tall and proud in their manhood and give vent to the camaraderie and sexuality which is the essential core of any man. Leather men across the country are, by their examples, leading all men into a new age of free expression and heightened awareness of their innate worth. And they're having a lot of fucking fun doing it!

Frank Hatfield

CONRAP

THE HOLIDAYS IN PRISON!

While we are looking forward to the Christmas and New Year holidays, convicts across the country are dreading the appearances of these annual events for a number of reasons—especially gay men and women.

The dull routine of prison life numbs the mind for most of the year. The seasons seem to come and go without any apparent, noticeable change in the daily routine, except for the amount of clothing the convict has to wear. Only the close of the year makes the convict more keenly aware of his or her condition.

Prisons are lonely affairs, notwithstanding the mass of sweaty, smelly bodies with which one finds himself surrounded. By their very nature, convicts tend to live in closed off personal worlds which deny ready access to other convicts. It is a world of concrete and steel which dispassionately grinds the ego of its inhabitants into the dust.

One would think that the holidays would lighten the gloomy pall which perpetually shrouds the hell-hole in which prisoners have to and themselves imprisoned. Not so. Those convicts who found joy in prison festivities are those who found a great deal of joylessness in their celebrations of the holidays during childhood. On the other hand, they may have become so institutionalized that prison holidays assume a reality for them which negates the reality of their imprisonment.

Misery pervades most of the holiday. We again see the middle class values of the administration and the chaplains being imposed on men and women. They transfer their concepts of the holidays into the dining hall, cell houses, chapels—without bothering to inquire what the convicts really want or need. If they do consult with the men and women, the convicts are offered a limited, prescribed set of choices which they have to go along with, regardless, the *illusion* of choice used to bolster the hypocritic ideologies of the people who run the prison game. Not to go along with the program would be, in the eyes of the officialdom, a rejection of a "valuable" outward expression of social adjustment. How would you like to take that sort of label with you to the parole board?

Christmas and New Years, in the very basic elements, mean a day off and a better than usual meal. That is not to say that even on the outside these holidays have anything less than a secular observance, at variance with their origins. But men and women who have been separated from their families and loved ones by prison find themselves paying lip service to a set of days which have, in their present environment, lost all validity.

I can remember to this day, vividly, how it was to celebrate Christmas at Alcatraz. Alcatraz had no canteen. They gave you a pack of Wing cigarettes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. If you smoked more than those three packs, you had to roll Bull Durham. Two razor blades a week, some brand called Lucky Boy, which dulled after one shave—and you have to stay cleanly shaved, you had to shave every morning in ice cold water. Except for an occasional piece of fudge, you never saw a candy bar all year round. No cookies. No anything.

On the night before Christmas, as each man left the dining room for his cell, he was given a brown sack with a gawdy Christmas tree and a greeting from the Bureau of Prisons on the sack. Justly, Ebenezer Scrooge's commentary, "Humbug!", is all that could be said. Inside the sack was an apple, an orange, a bag of hard candy, six candy bars, six White Owl or King Edward cigars, and a bag of unshelled peanuts. Magnificent! We thought so at the time, since Alcatraz was so stark and cold. This little package had a lot of meaning. It is, in retrospect, a sad commentary that intelligent, vital men could become so excited over such a pittance.

For the last two years of Alcatraz's existence, we were allowed to purchase a one pound box of See's chocolates. And for all the negative imagery the media and the Bureau of Prisons have put forth about the men on The Rock, this box of chocolates revealed more about those men than anything else. Not everyone had the funds to buy a box of chocolates, so groups of guys would pool together to see that anyone who lacked the money would still be able to have his fill of this rare delicacy. Quite often the recipients of the largesse ended up with more than the donors themselves had.

If there is a meaning to the holidays, then this is it. In a place where selfishness and cold are the expected norms, there could exist a humanity that transcended bitterness and hate, revealing a milk of human kindness which even prison's vicissitude failed to curdle.

In our leather fraternity we hail the man who has a keen sense of care and concern in his dealing with his fellow man. How better than during this holiday season to exhibit it. We all buy more greeting cards than we ever use. Some of us just throw them out, or save them until next year only to discover that they have not aged well and then throw them out. Take a few minutes. Dig back into your recent *Drummer*'s and get the names and addresses of men who are trying to make some contact with the outside world through the ConRap column. If you don't want to give out your name or return address then just send the card, anonymously. Mail calls in prison are not unlike mail calls in the armed services overseas, everyone is looking to hear from someone. Just care enough to send the card and possibly a few words of encouragement. If you want to become involved, so much the better. It could be a learning experience, or it might result in your meeting a person who could become important in your world.

—*Jay Bates*

FORESKIN UPDATE

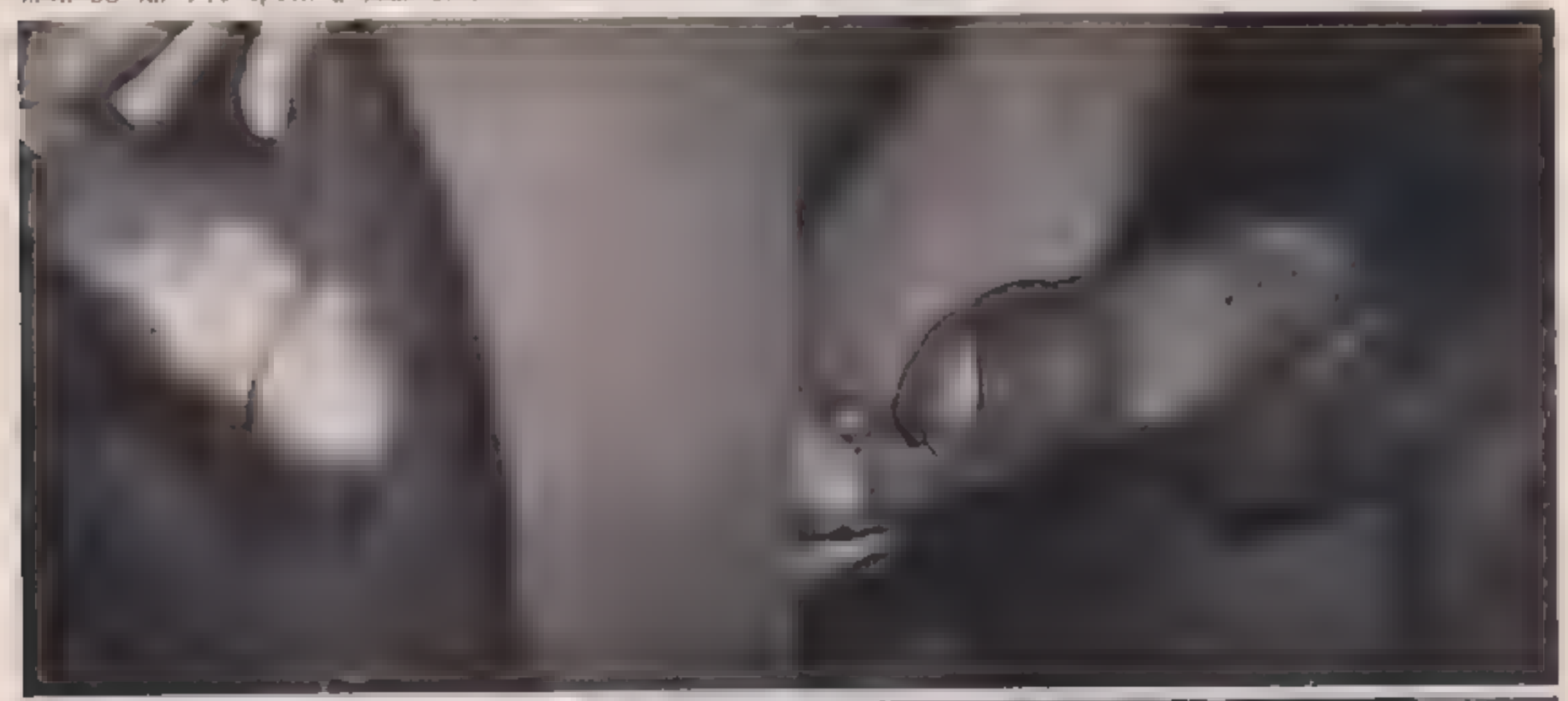
Foreskin Update will appear on an irregular basis to follow up on the information and material presented by *Drummer* in the series on circumcision by Bud Berkeley. Besides hearing from readers who have specific things to say about either circumcision or foreskins (and no general "I really dig skin" letters, please); we invite readers to show and tell us the results of a late circumcision or, in the case of our feature piece this issue, a new foreskin. We also will explore foreskin piercing and tattooing, special foreskin fetishes, and historical information about foreskins.

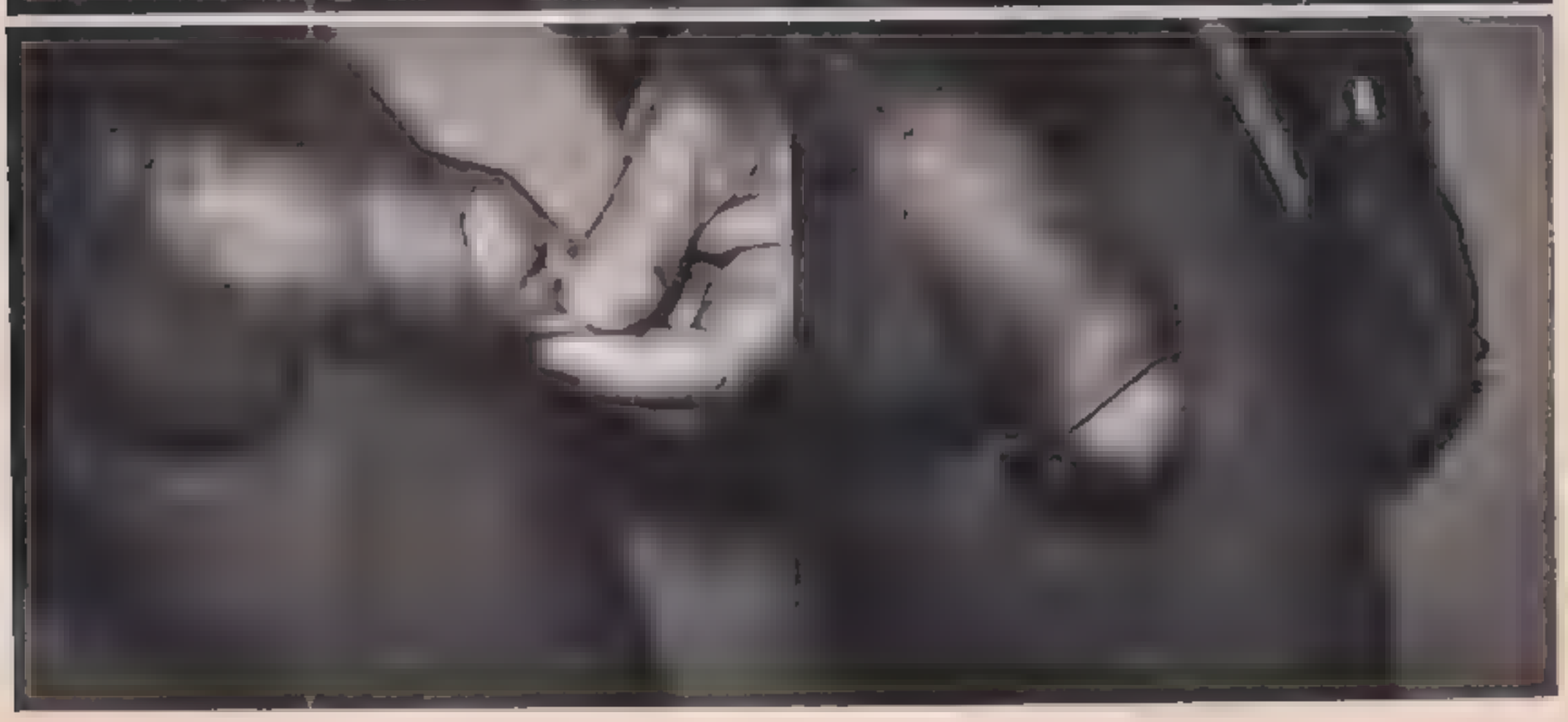
HOW TO STRETCH IT BACK

A reader sent us a [illegible] describing the method he used to stretch the remaining skin around the head of his cock and create the illusion of a new foreskin. He says: "Not [illegible] when I read that article by Mr. [illegible] on foreskins I thought I was the only stud actively working across my foreskin. So far I've spent a year or so stretching and lengthing the skin on my cock so it now easily folds over the head. There's with a piece of 1&1 Clear Tape holding the skin together just under the head. I can keep the foreskin in position 24 hours a day and even [illegible] during a [illegible] erect on.

"What really amazes me is the [illegible] increase in feeling in the head of my cock. This started to occur about 3 or 4 weeks after I began to hold the skin in position. There's got to be hundreds of studs out there that would like to experience what I have.

I'm enclosing a series of photos to show you how I've stretched my cock skin into a foreskin—also to show the circumcision scar, performed before I had the right to make that decision.





THE FORESKIN CONTEST

We got a little bet going on here in the uncut section at *Drummer* that the longest foreskin on record is no more than about one-half inch past the head of the dick. Now one-half inch doesn't sound like much, but when you consider that it's all skin, it's quite a bit. So here's the deal. We want to know if anyone out there has *more* than a half inch of foreskin. You can't pull on it, or hold it out to measure it, it has to hang down naturally. Your best bet is to measure it while it's soft, but if it hangs off the end of your dick when it's hard, we want to hear about that, too.

Measure your foreskin and send us the results. If you include a clear photo of the handiwork, we'll send you a thank you gift. The person with the longest foreskin will get a prize, which we'll announce along with the actual measurement. Photos should be clear, preferably black and white. The deadline is December 31st, so get out your ruler and drop your pants. We'll publish the more interesting foreskins in this section. Send your entries to: Skin Contest, *Drummer*, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. If you want your photo returned, then include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

FAMOUS OVERHANG

According to the *Hollywood Star Magazine*, which specialized in getting under the stars' bedcovers, the following screen actors and assorted media types all sport foreskin. In a few cases, we actually found evidence to support the allegations, which we've included. In other cases, we're taking the word of the *Hollywood Star* at face value.

Tony Franciosa, Vince Edwards, The Everly Brothers, Rock Hudson, Elvis Presley (autopsy report), Vincent Price, Jackie Cooper, Michael Greer (nude scene in *Fortune and Men's Eyes*), Gene Kelly, Johnny Mathis, Sal Mineo (as witnessed in stage production of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*), Martin Milner, Bob Crane, Mickey Rooney, Burt Lancaster (early nude photos in 'bodybuilding' magazines), Nureyev (nude photos in fashion magazine), Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Crawford (nude scene in *The Naked Ape*), Ron Howard, Dino Martin, Yul Brynner (early George Platt Lynes photos), Rick Adams, Michael Caine, Ed McMahon, Peter Falk, John Saxon. If you've seen evidence of other famous overhang, tell us about it and tell us how it can be documented.

Photo by Joe Tiffenbach.

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To contributors for the past year for excellence above and beyond the call. Art, photography, fiction, articles, series and best fuck.

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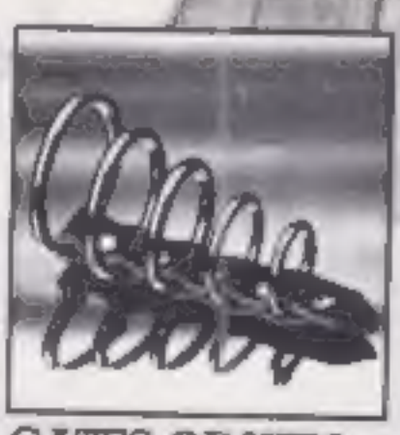

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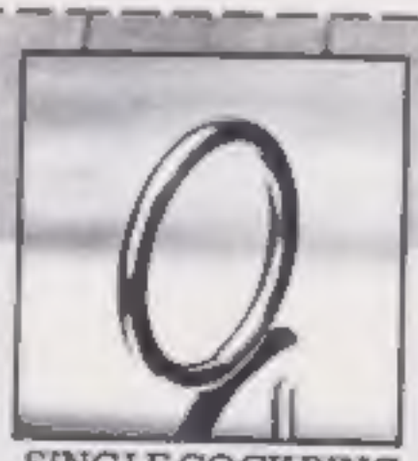

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